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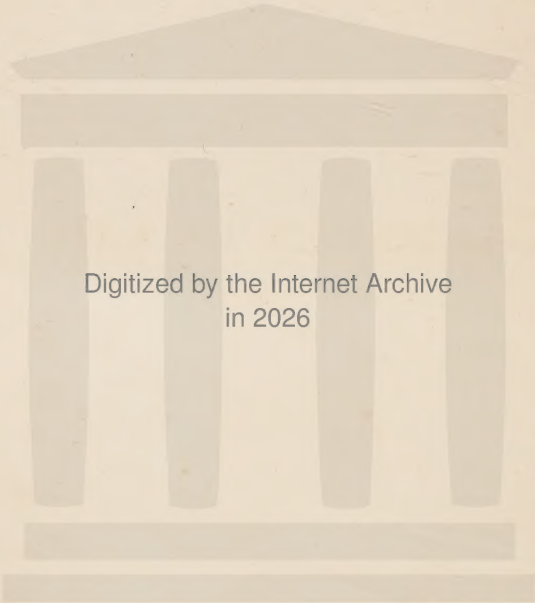
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SACRED POEMS AND HYMNS.

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POEMS AND HYMNS,

VI-390

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

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f, 1 mag.

"From young and old, with every breath,
Let prayer and praise arise:
Life be "the daily offering,"—Death,
"The evening sacrifice."

HYMN LXXV., p. 81.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS, AND AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN HOLLAND.

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PREFACE.

In the Christian Psalmist, compiled twenty-five years ago, by the Author of the present Volume, he became known as a Hymn-Writer; and, since then, having frequently exercised his vein in like manner, a considerable number of his compositions have been republished (with or without leave) by Editors of similar Miscellanies, or in authorized Hymn-Books. Of this he has never complained, being rather humbly thankful, that any imperfect strains of his should be thus employed in giving "*Glory to God in the highest,*" promoting "*On earth peace,*" and diffusing "*Good will toward men.*" But of the liberties taken by some of these borrowers of his effusions, to modify certain passages, according to their peculiar taste and notions, he must avail himself of the present opportunity

to remind them, that if good people (and *such* he verily believes them to be) cannot conscientiously adopt *his* diction and doctrine, it is a little questionable in them to impose upon him *theirs*, which he may as honestly hesitate to receive. Yet this is *the Cross*, by which every Author of a hymn, who hopes to be useful in his generation, may expect to be tested, at the pleasure of any Christian brother, however incompetent or little qualified to amend what he may deem amiss in one of the most delicate and difficult exercises of a tender heart and an enlightened understanding. This indeed is "a thorn in the flesh," which the sufferer must learn to bear with meekness, and, if possible, to profit by the humiliation; though a versifier of any other class might, perhaps, be forgiven, if he indignantly resented it. It has been, on this account, that the individual (who now presents himself for judgment at a tribunal from which there is no infallible appeal,) has emphatically entitled his lucubrations,—"*Original Hymns*, by J. M.," meaning *only* thereby, that they are now given to the world in that form of words,

for which he can, *at present*, hold himself responsible ; being persuaded, that they will be generally accepted with the same candour and indulgence with which a few of them have been extensively read by private persons, and introduced to churches and congregations by faithful and true ministers of Christ's Gospel.

Having, on three former occasions, expatiated freely on *Hymnology* and *Sacred Poesy*,* I will close this egotistical preamble to the most serious work of my long life (now passing fourscore years), with a brief quotation from what may be esteemed a sainted authority on such a subject. Bishop Ken, somewhere, says, beautifully, humbly, and poetically,—

> "And should the well-meant song I leave behind,
> With Jesus' lovers some acceptance find,
> 'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know,
> That in my verse saints sing God's praise below."

And was not this hope prophetic ! fulfilling continually to this day, nor ever likely to fail

* See Introductory Essays, by James Montgomery, to the "Christian Psalmist," the "Christian Poet," and an edition of the "Olney Hymns." Published by William Collins, Glasgow.

while the Gospel is preached throughout the whole world in the language of Britain! It may even be doubted whether there is a stanza of four lines in the compass of our literature, which has been so often remembered, repeated, and sung, as the *Doxology*, appended to each of the good prelate's inestimable *Triad of Hymns*, for *Morning*, *Evening* and *Midnight*.

> "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise Him, all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

And who that has learned this rapturous strain on earth, can be presumed to forget it in heaven, if he reaches that consummation of glory, and of bliss?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, Sheffield,
January 1, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, it was my happiness to be commended to the good-will of American readers in their own country,* by my honoured friend, James Montgomery: it was one of a thousand acts of unsolicited kindness for which I have been indebted to him during the period of more than a quarter of a century that I have enjoyed his confidence and his counsel. It is now my privilege, publicly,—not to return, but—to acknowledge the obligation "in kind," by presuming, without authority, and *mea periculo*, to prefix an INTRODUCTION to a work of his. I must, however, at the outset, utterly repudiate the possibility of a notion on my part, that any thing from the pen of Montgomery, and least of all such a volume as this, can require to be either introduced or advocated in any place where his mother tongue is spoken, where the love of English poetry is enjoyed, and where the influence of Christianity is recognized as leading not less to the re-

* In a letter prefixed to a Memoir of the Rev. John Summerfield, published in 1829.

finement of the intellectual, than to the purification of the moral character of man.

To the literary and educated circles of society in the United States, therefore, on the foregoing as well as on other grounds of universally acknowledged sympathy, the author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland," "The West Indies," "The World before the Flood," "The Pelican Island," &c., has long been as familiar—may I not say always as welcome?—as to similar classes of readers in his own country. It is not, then, with any design of bespeaking for my revered friend a more hearty welcome, much less in any hope of sharing in that welcome, that I venture to present myself in his company on the present occasion. For however little any of his former works might have been presumed to require adventitious introduction, the volume now in the reader's hand stands least in need of it. For, to any people keenly alive to the importance of an orthodox expression of evangelical truth, in any form, or through whatever instrumentality, and who are, at the same time, sufficiently free from sectarian trammels to be allowed to welcome it, every new and happy embodiment of a precious Scriptural sentiment, whether in prose or verse, becomes a fresh and, if not a social, at least a personal source of spiritual enjoyment and edification. I record this opinion the more willingly and distinctly here, because, if it applies generally wherever the mind of the true believer and the

Word of God are alike "unfettered," it may perhaps be urged with a more especial and happy significance among a people whose sacred literature is remarkable for its sound, expansive, and practical character. For I entirely agree with Montgomery, that, "In no walk of literature have our transatlantic kindred so worthily rivalled, and so nearly equalled, the writers of the parent country as in works of divinity." *

It may be objected,—the recognized importance, the influence, and the praise of *sermons*, whether as delivered from the pulpit or the press, must not be allowed to be tacitly transferred to compositions in rhyme. Perhaps not; and yet the taste for good poetry, the appreciation of congregational singing, and the consequent requirement and requital of the services of the minstrel or the vocalist—not more surely in the saloon than in the sanctuary—are sufficient evidences that the good people of the transatlantic cities and villages, have at least the same feelings and enjoyments as those of the "old country" in these matters.

It may also, I presume, be affirmed of the leading orthodox communities of Christians in the United States, as of those in Great Britain, that they generally use in their public worship either some metrical version of the Psalms of David, the

* Introduction to "A Voice from the Sanctuary," a series of Missionary Discourses by American Divines. 1845.

Hymns of Dr. Watts, the collection made by the Rev. John Wesley, or selections from some of these, with more or less admixture of "original matter." Into the relative merits or comparative importance of the works here named, or alluded to, it is not my present intention to enter; and this would the less become me, as I shall have occasion to cite higher authority than my own on this subject, in the course of this Preface. With respect to rhythmical versions of the Psalms for choral uses, I may mention, in passing, that having several years ago published a particular work on this subject,* I am prepared to assert that while certain adventitious versifiers of the United States, early and late, must be content to share with the elders of their language in Europe the moderate praise of having rather laudably aimed at, than of having perfectly succeeded in the hopeless attempt at giving to the sentiments of the inspired penmen the same impressive tone in the choir service-book that they possess in the "authorized version" of the Bible, they have, nevertheless, exhibited some specimens of a metrical rendering of the sacred songs of the sweet singer of Israel, which are not inferior to the best of those produced in the mother country.

To come now more immediately to the author of the work before us, it may be proper to show what

* The Psalmists of Britain. 2 vols. 1843.

are his qualifications for the attempt to add "new strings to the celestial lyre"—new strains of sacred harmony to those which the church has so long possessed and approved, and this without the risk on his part of lessening a well-earned poetical reputation, by an ill-timed contest for the cheap distinction of a merely religious versifier. Those persons who know any thing of the early life and education of James Montgomery, as sketched by himself in the Preface to his Collected Poems, will remember that he was born and brought up among the Moravians, a people in whose public worship and private devotions singing, whether aided by instrumental accompaniment or not, always formed a large and delightful element. In this branch of divine service, as maintained in the church of his fathers, the youthful poet took an early and an abiding interest; and, as might be expected, in imitations of the simple but heart-touching compositions of the Hymn Book then in use among the Brethren, and long afterwards revised by him, the earliest kindlings of his genius manifested themselves. Soon after he came to reside in Sheffield, some years before the commencement of the present century, and thenceforward, as his poetical reputation increased, and his religious character developed itself, with a singular freedom from sectarian exclusiveness, and coincidently with the origin of those various institutions of piety which have so greatly distinguished our times, he was often called upon to ren-

der his rhythmical skill tributary to devotion, by the production of hymns for occasional purposes. Among the welcome, or, at least, willingly gratified petitioners for services of this kind, were not merely the managers of Sunday-school, Missionary, and Bible-Society anniversaries, &c., in the town where he resided, and who could urge the local plea of religious citizenship, but the compilers of Hymn Books in every part of the United Kingdom. To such an extent had the taste of the Poet, and the solicitations of his admirers, concurred in this heavenward direction, that, in 1825, he comprised, in a published work, which I shall presently more particularly describe, one hundred Original Hymns. He also tried *his* hand upon compositions in metre founded on *the Psalms;* the result of which experiment he also published, in 1822, under the title of "Songs of Zion." To these "imitations," as the author called them—sixty-seven in number—he affixed a very brief preface, in which he says, "he would venture to hope that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be." The success and the value of this experiment will, no doubt, be variously estimated by different readers, as they privately peruse, or

publicly sing the several specimens of the "Songs of Zion" which are comprised in the contents of the present Hymn Book.

But Mr. Montgomery's connection with hymnology has not been confined to his own metrical achievements in the service of the sanctuary. Willing to impart to others, so far as "the art unteachable, untaught," can be communicated or improved by precept, the secret of his own successful practice, he has, in public lectures, printed essays, prefaces to books, and in private conversations, advocated the claims and explained the relations of sacred literature—and, in his hands, almost all literature became sacred—under the various forms which poetry may assume. At present, however, our concern is mainly with his opinions as they relate to such lyric compositions as are adapted to the elucidation or adornment of religious themes, the exhibition of Scripture facts and doctrines, or most chiefly to the expression of devotional sentiments and feelings in private, social, or public worship. Distributing the matter here alluded to under four heads, we shall have :—

1. An examination of the prejudicial opinion, grounded on some remarks by Dr. Johnson, to the effect that sacred subjects are unfit for poetry, nay, generally incapable of being combined with it.

2. The qualities requisite to give to authors and hymns a title to acknowledged excellence.

3. An estimate of the comparative merits of

some of the more celebrated composers of this class; and,

4. A consideration of the claims of Montgomery to his recognised rank as a hymnologist.

I. In proceeding to rebut the ignorant assumption of the incompatibility of poetry with devotion, Montgomery says:—"It is true that there is a great deal of religious verse, which, as poetry, is worthless; but it is equally true that there is a great deal of genuine poetry associated with pure and undefiled religion. With men of the world, however, to whom religion is an abomination, all poetry associated with it *loses caste*, and becomes degraded beyond redemption by that which most exalts it in the esteem of those who really know what they judge.

"But the prejudice alluded to is not confined to skeptics and profligates; many well-meaning people, who never took the trouble to inquire anything about the matter, in perfect simplicity believe this slander against the two most excellent gifts which God has conferred on intelligent and immortal man, upon the authority of Dr. Johnson. Let us see what that authority is. In his Life of Waller occurs the following passage:—'It has been the frequent lamentation of good men that verse has been too little applied to the purposes of worship, and many attempts have been made to animate devotion by pious poetry; that they have very seldom attained their end is sufficiently known, and it may

not be improper to inquire why they have miscarried. Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

'The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and, being few, are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful in the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature

which attract, and the concealment of those that repel the imagination; but religion must be shown as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped for by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved. The employments of pious meditation are *faith*, *thanksgiving*, *repentance*, and *supplication*. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy. Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear: and for these purposes it may be

very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to modify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.'

One cannot but be amused to imagine how indignantly this wisp of dazzling fallacies and solemn truisms would have been dispersed, had they been brought within the scope of the powerful apprehension of the critic by any other person. Nor can we fail to remember, that the persons who were formerly most prone to adduce the dogmata against the alliance of Religion with "Poetry, the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts," were almost as commonly the stoutest advocates for the influence of rhetoric and music—if not also for the merely esthetic achievements of architecture, statuary, and painting, as auxiliaries to Religion: and this even when they did not also avow their own sources of Polyhymnic idolatry in the inharmonious and unedifying strains of Sternhold and Hopkins. And "the sum of Dr. Johnson's argument," says Montgomery, "amounts to this, 'that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical;' and in the sense in which he employs the words *poetry* and *poetical*, this may be readily admitted; but that sense is imperfect; for it is limited to the style, rather than comprehending the spirit, of poetry, a

distinction quite as allowable as his own, between poetry and motives to piety. He says, the essence of poetry is invention;' his own romance of Rasselas is a poem on this vague principle. Poetry must be *verse*, and all the ingenuity of man cannot supply a better definition. Every thing else that may be claimed as essential to *good* poetry, is *not peculiar to it*, but may be associated, occasionally at least, with prose. Prose, on the other hand, cannot be changed into verse, without ceasing to be prose. It is true, according to common parlance, that poetry may be prosaic, that is, it may have the ordinary qualities of prose, though it be in metre; and prose may be poetical, that is, it may be invested with all the ordinary qualities of poetry, except metre. There is reason, as well as usage, in the conventional simplicity which distinguishes prose, and the conventional ornament which is allowed to verse; but gorgeous ornament is no more essential to verse, than naked simplicity is essential to prose. This, however, is a subject which cannot be discussed here; the assertion of the fact (and it cannot be contradicted), is sufficient to prove that there must be, in the compass of human language, a style suitable for 'contemplative piety' in verse, as well as in prose; consequently, there may be devotional poetry, capable of animating the soul in its intercourse with God, and suitable for expressing its feelings, its fears, its hopes, and its desires. Of course, this species of poetry will not parade inven-

tion, for the purpose of 'producing something unexpected, which surprises and delights;' it will not be 'invested by fancy with decorations;' it will not attempt to exalt Omnipotence, amplify infinity, or improve perfection; but to 'sentiments purely religious', it *will* give 'the most simple expression,' which will also be 'the most sublime,' and certainly not the less poetical on that account. Its topics will be 'few, and, being few,' will be 'universally known,'—an inestimable advantage in this kind of verse, because, if properly worded (and more is not required), they will be instantly understood, and impressively felt, according to the predisposition of the reader's mind, in all their force and tenderness of meaning. If nothing can be poetry which is not elevated above pure prose, by 'decorations of fancy, tropes, figures, and epithets,' many of the finest passages, in the finest poems which the world has ever seen, must be outlawed, and branded with the ignominy of being prose."

"It is begging the question," continues Montgomery, "to say, that 'man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.' *He is;* but what of that? he must follow the counsel of the prophet: 'Take with you *words*, and turn unto the Lord: *say unto Him*, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, so will we render the calves of our lips. Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon

horses, neither will we say any more to the work of our hands—Ye are our gods: for in Thee the fatherless findeth mercy' (Hosea, xiv., 2–3). Here is a prayer, dictated by the Spirit of God Himself, which is verse in the original, and ought to be rendered into verse when it would appear to be poetry, not of the simplest and severest, but of the loftiest and most embellished style: and does poetry *here* 'lose its lustre and power, because it is applied to the decoration of something better than itself?' Our critic says, 'The employments of pious meditation are *faith*, *thanksgiving*, *repentance*, and *supplication*.' He who denies that there can be a strain of poetry suited to the expression of each of these, in the most perfect manner, without either extravagance or impiety, must be prepared to deny that there is poetry in those very passages of the Psalms, in which, according to the judgment of all ages since they were written, there may be found the greatest sublimity and pathos." *

The volume to which these sentiments are prefixed, comprises "selections in verse on sacred subjects," from one hundred and fifty English poets, many of whom, it must be admitted, have no other title to the special epithet of "Christian," than because they have occasionally shown themselves well aware that their best strains might be surely derived from, and, as certainly, elevated by, religious

* *Introductory Essay to the Christian Poet.*—1827.

subjects: but, of course, many others have holier and higher aims; and have succeeded accordingly.

II. But from the Christian Poet's defence of the use of verse in the service of religion in general, we proceed to his remarks on that form of it which is more particularly adapted to the service of the sanctuary. "A hymn," says Montgomery, "ought to be as regular in its structure as any other poem; it should have a distinct subject, and that subject should be simple, not complicated: so that whatever skill or labour might be required in the author to develope his plan, there should be little or none required on the part of the reader to understand it. Consequently, a hymn must have a beginning, middle, and end. There should be a manifest gradation in the thoughts, and their mutual dependence should be so perceptible, that they could not be transposed without injuring the unity of the piece; every line carrying forward the connection, and every verse adding a well-proportioned limb to a symmetrical body. The reader should know when the strain is complete, and be satisfied, as at the close of an air in music; while defects and superfluities should be felt by him as annoyances in whatever part they might occur. The practice of many good men in framing hymns, has been quite the contrary. They have begun apparently with the only idea in their mind at the time; another, with little relationship to the former, has been forced upon them by a refractory rhyme; a third became

necessary to eke out a verse, a fourth to begin one, and so on, till having compiled a sufficient number of stanzas of so many lines, and lines of so many syllables, the operation has been suspended; whereas it might, with equal consistency, have been continued to any imaginable length, and the tenth or ten thousandth link might have been struck out, or changed places with any other, without the slightest infraction of the chain; the whole being a series of independent verses, collocated as they came, and the burden a canto of phrases, figures, and ideas, the common property of every writer who had none of his own, and, therefore, found in the works of each, unimproved, if not unimpaired, from generation to generation. Such rhapsodies may be sung from time to time, and keep alive devotion already kindled; but they leave no trace in the memory, make no impression on the heart, and fall through the mind as sounds glide through the ear, —pleasant it may be in their passage, but never returning to haunt the imagination in retirement, or in the multitude of the thoughts to refresh the soul. Of how contrary a character, how transcendently superior in value, as well as influence, are those hymns, which, once heard, are remembered without effort, remembered involuntarily, yet remembered with renewed and increasing delight at every revival! It may be safely affirmed, that the permanent favorites in every collection are those which, in the requisites before mentioned, or for some

other peculiar excellence, are distinguished from the rest. Authors who devote their talents to the glory of God and the salvation of men, ought surely to take as much pains to polish and perfect their offerings of this kind, as secular and profane poets bestow upon their works. "The faults in ordinary hymns are vulgar phrases, low words, hard words, technical terms, inverted construction, broken syntax, barbarous abbreviations that make our beautiful English horrid even to the eye, bad rhymes, or no rhymes where rhymes are expected, but above all, numbers without cadence. A line is no more metre because it contains a certain concatenation of syllables, than so many crotchets and quavers pricked at random, would constitute a bar of music. The syllables in every division ought to 'ripple like a rivulet,' one producing another as its natural effect, while the rhythm of each line, falling into the general stream at its proper place, should cause the verse to flow in progressive melody, deepening and expanding like a river to the close; or, to change the figure, each stanza should be a poetical tune, played down to the last note. Such subservience of every part to the harmony of the whole is required in all other legitimate poetry, and why it should not be observed in that which is worthiest of all possible pre-eminence, it would be difficult to say; why it is so rarely found in hymns, may be accounted for from the circumstances already stated, that few accomplished poets have enriched

their mother tongue with strains of this description."*

III. Among English hymnologists the two most prominent names are undoubtedly those of Watts and Wesley; though there are others that enjoy a proximate, and perhaps a few, in connection with single compositions, even a higher celebrity. "Dr. Watts," says Montgomery, "may almost be called the inventor of hymns in our language; for he so far departed from all precedent, that few of his compositions resemble those of his forerunners; while he so far established a precedent to all his successors, that none have departed from it otherwise than according to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer, and the style of expressing Christian truths employed by the denomination to which he belonged. Dr. Watts himself, though a conscientious dissenter, is so entirely catholic in his hymns, that it cannot be discovered from any of these, so far as we can recollect, that he belonged to any particular sect; hence, happily for his fame—or rather, it ought to be said, happily for the Church of Christ—portions of his psalms and hymns have been adopted in most places of worship where congregational singing prevails. It might be expected that, in the first models of a new species of poetry, there would be many flaws and imperfections, which later practitioners would discern and avoid. Such,

* *Introductory Essay to Christian Psalmist.*—1825.

indeed, are too abundant in Dr. Watts's psalms and hymns; and the worst of all is, that his authority stands so high with many of his imitators, that, while his faults and defects are most faithfully adopted, his merits are unapproachable by them. The faults are principally prosaic phraseology, rhymes worse than none, and none where good ones are absolutely wanted to raise the verse upon its feet, and make it go, according to the saying, 'on all-fours;' though, to do the Doctor justice, the metre is generally free and natural, when his lines want every other qualification of poetry. It is a great temptation to the indolence of hymn-writers, that the quartrain measures have been so often used by Dr. Watts, without rhyme in the first and third lines. He himself confessed that this was a defect; and though some of the most beautiful hymns are upon this model, if the thing itself be not a fault, it is the cause of half the faults that may be found in inferior compositions—negligence, feebleness, and prosing." —

"Next to Dr. Watts, as a hymn-writer, undoubtedly stands the Rev. Charles Wesley. He was probably the author of a greater number of compositions of this kind, with less variety of matter and manner, than any other man of genius that can be named. Excepting his 'Short Hymns on Passages of Scripture,' which of course make the whole tour of Bible literature, and are of very unequal merit—Christian experience, from the deeps of

affliction, through all the gradations of doubt, fear, desire, faith, hope, expectation, to the transports of perfect love, in the very beams of the beatific vision—Christian experience furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes; and it must be confessed that he has celebrated them with an affluence of diction and a splendour of colouring rarely surpassed. At the same time, he has invested them with a power of truth, and endeared them both to the imagination and the affections, with a pathos which makes feeling conviction, and leaves the understanding little to do but to acquiesce in the decisions of the heart. As the poet of Methodism, he has sung the doctrines of the gospel, as they are expounded among that people, dwelling especially on the personal appropriation of the words of eternal life to the sinner, or the saint, as the test of his actual state before God, and admitting nothing less than the full assurance of faith as the privilege of believers." *

This is just and generous praise; but it has always struck me as being less than its subject is fairly entitled to, in two or three particulars. In the first place, it may be questioned whether or not the wider prevalence of the hymns of Dr. Watts, as compared with those of Charles Wesley, be mainly due to the more unsectarian character of the former—may it not possibly be that they rather

* Christian Psalmist.

coincide, negatively at least, with the doctrines of a much larger sect, or with those of several sects? In the second place, the merit attributed to "the poet of Methodism," as having sung, however successfully, "the doctrines of the gospel as they are expounded among that people," is liable to be taken equivocally, as meaning something that may be more or less than exactly scriptural. I merely hint at these points. But there is a third; I mean the *poetical superiority* of the hymns of Charles Wesley to those of Dr. Watts, whether we take for comparison the whole of them, as they appear in ordinary collections, or select single specimens from each, upon which it would be cowardice in me not to insist. But both these "sweet singers" have faults of versification, and some epithets and expressions of questionable propriety. Is it proper to point out these imperfections? Ought they to be removed? Both these questions are important. The worse than thankless reception of the judicious and temperate review of the Wesleyan Hymn Book by one of the preachers of the connexion in England * affords small encouragement to answer the first question with a practical affirmative; while, in the preface to the very volume now in the reader's hand, we have something like a formal and authoritative negative reply to the latter question.

As it is one main object of this Introduction to

* Wesleyan Hymnology, by the Rev. W. P. Burgess. 1846.

present an abstract of the opinions of our author, as enunciated in three essays which are merely named in the Preface to his "Original Hymns," I must briefly allude to Montgomery's estimate of the metrical piety of another of his predecessors. No two individuals could be more unlike in their origin, or more dissimilar in their natural character, and their early history, than the Rev. John Newton and William Cowper; and yet, through the signal operation of divine grace, they not only became, after their equally remarkable conversion to God, singularly of one spirit in their life and doctrine—"one in Christ Jesus"—but they have left, in the "Olney Hymns," an enduring monument of their friendship and piety. These earnest productions, even where most clearly marked by the strong opinions of the poet-preacher, or most deeply tinged with the morbid melancholy of the preacher-poet, are justly regarded as a precious legacy to the Church of Christ; and few are the modern collections of verse adapted for congregational singing which do not contain some specimens of them. In allusion to two large classes of these hymns, viz., those on portions of the Old and New Testaments, and those of an experimental character, the essayist anticipates and answers a question which must often have presented itself to others—"Are such compositions fit to be sung in great congregations, consisting of all classes of saints and sinners?" It must be frankly answered with respect to the far greater proportion—

No! except upon the principle, that whatever may be *read* by such an assembly may also be *sung*. On no ground can either the reading or chaunting of the Psalms from the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England, or the singing of authorised versions of the same be justified, except on *this*—namely, that these are subjects to be impressed upon the minds and memories of the people, for individual application by themselves (when they can be persuaded to make it); but generally, for instruction, warning, reproof, correction, and example—in reality as means of grace. The part which a congregation of professing Christians can generally take in the routine of divine service—in reading, praying, responding, or singing—is a subject (considering what the real usage is) almost too awful to think upon in any other view than the foregoing. Confining himself to this point of justification alone, the writer of these remarks ventures to add, that, whereas singing is only one of the forms of utterance which God has given to man, not which man has invented, any otherwise than he may be said to have invented speech by the faculty which God gave him to do so—whatever a man may, without sin, *recite* with his lips, in the house of God, he may also *sing*, when the same subjects or sentiments are modelled into verse, or set forth in numerous prose, like the translated Psalms and other poetical parts of Holy Writ suitable for chaunting." * * * "This volume of Olney

Hymns ought to be for ever dear to the Christian public as an unprecedented memorial in respect to its authors of the power of divine grace. Those may disparage the poetry of Cowper's Hymns who hate or despise the doctrines of the Gospel; they are, however, worthy of him, and honourable to his Christian profession. These first-fruits of his muse, after she had been baptized—but we must drop the fictitious being, and say rather, after *he* had been baptized 'with the Holy Ghost and with fire,' will ever be precious (independent of their other merits) as the transcripts of his happiest feelings, the memorials of his walk with God, and his daily experience (amidst conflict and discouragements), of the consoling power of that religion, in which he had *found* peace, and often *enjoyed* peace to a degree that passed understanding."* How exactly do these terms also characterise the author of these "Original Hymns." Indeed, I have transcribed the closing portion of the foregoing extract for the purpose of adding that there has been no man of genius between whom and Montgomery the resemblance is so strong as the bard of Olney. "Lamented Cowper! in thy steps I tread," &c., was the apostrophic language of the author of the "West Indies;" and, assuredly, not only in their common abhorrence of slavery, and their similar exemplification of the influences of evangelical religion, but in the Christian tone of their larger

* Introductory Essay to Olney Hymns. 1829.

works, the simplicity and purity of their lives, and especially in the chaste and spiritual character of their beautiful hymns, the two Christian poets alike demonstrate that their inspiration flowed from the source indicated by the angelic messenger "who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

On grounds like those indicated in the foregoing remarks, not only have the hymns to which they specifically refer, but those in other collections, been exposed to the emendations of editors. Among the most obviously defensible of these interferences with an author's genuine text, are those which go to remove or qualify expressions which stretch perilously near, even if they lie really within the bounds of allowable phraseology. And here, I allude not to the assertion of those transcendant attainments of Christian assurance, holiness, and exaltation, about which the soberest professors of religion sometimes differ, but rather to those bold appropriations of the sensuous language of Solomon's Song on the one hand, and of the mysterious symbolisms of the Revelation of St. John on the other, which none but the most fanciful or the most fearless versifiers would nowadays adopt. At the same time, the unwarrantable liberties sometimes taken with favourite hymns, by incompetent parties, should suggest caution in this kind of dealing.*

* I have just seen a new and elegantly printed collection of Hymns for Public Worship, the editor of which

Notwithstanding, however, some discouraging indications, and the conviction that most parties would much sooner assent to a proposed revisal of the "authorised version" of the Holy Scriptures than to any alteration in the text of their respective Hymn Books, I humbly submit that the right of any man, or any sect of men, to adopt their own phraseology in devotional singing, is indisputable, at least under the following limitations :—

1. Parties adopting the compositions of a living author, are plainly bound to conform to the terms on which he may choose to permit such use, either during his own lifetime, or so long as his copyright exists.

2. The publication of an altered hymn, under the name of the original author, and without acknowledgment of such alteration, is worse than dishonest. It is the clandestine insertion of a spurious bud in a stalk of reputed excellence.

3. Emendations of a literary nature ought generally to coincide with the original sentiment: in other words—should be what it may be presumed would have been the expression of the author himself had he possessed the abilities, or could he have anticipated the position of his editor. Hence, the most allowable alterations in old hymns, are the

takes credit for not altering the productions of living authors; while he explains that he has so altered a striking composition by an American author, as to justify him in giving the result under his own name.

correction of obvious mistakes, and the supplantation of harsh or obsolete terms: the most reprehensible, those which purposely vitiate or subvert the primary meaning of the poet. These remarks are, of course, made with special reference to the unauthorised version of compositions intended *to be sung;* in other respects, the rights and usages of editorial interference apply to hymns as to other kinds of verse.

The least hazardous way of dealing with unacceptable passages in an otherwise favourite hymn, is undoubtedly by simply *omitting* the verses in which they occur. This, I believe, would be the direction of Montgomery himself in such cases. He has indeed acted largely upon this principle in "The Christian Psalmist," where, it must be admitted, he has not less frequently exercised that reformatory process so emphatically deprecated in the Preface to his own Hymns. The plea of *correction* and *improvement*, irrefragable as it may be, when applied to *his* judicious touch, is very liable to be urged or assumed with equal success by the most dishonest or incompetent emendators. Still, as I have said, since every person ought to be allowed to use, and in a country where the exercise of opinion and action in this matter is so little restricted as in the United States, will select the most agreeable phraseology, even the perilous privilege of altering accredited hymns, as the alternative of losing for a single expression, or perhaps a single

word, the pleasure and the profit of singing a strain which is at once elegant, instructive, and devotional.

IV. We must now advert to the claims of Montgomery to the title and reputation of a hymnologist. In the work last quoted, he says, "One of the most precious uses of the sacred oracles is their infinite capability of personal application to the mind and the heart, the circumstances and duties of the Christian in every state of life and every frame of spirit." Hence, "The most illiterate person, who understands his Bible, will easily understand the most elegant or emphatic expression of all the feelings which are common to all; and, instead of being passive under them, when they are excited at particular seasons, he will avail himself of the songs put into his mouth, and sing them with gladness and refreshment, as if they were his own. Then, though like Milton's, his genius can ascend to the heaven of heavens, or, like Shakspeare's, search out the secrets of Nature through all her living combinations, blessed is the bard who employs his resources thus; who, from the fulness of his own bosom, pours his divinest thoughts, in his selectest words, into the bosoms of his readers, and enables them to appreciate the rich communications to their personal exigencies, without robbing him or hindering others from partaking of the same abundant fountain of *human* inspiration—a fountain flowing like the oil, at the com-

mand of the prophet, from *one* vessel into as many as could be borrowed, without exhausting the first, though the whole were filled. If he who pens these sentiments knows his own heart, though it has deceived him too often to be trusted without jealousy, he would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns, which should thus become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God, than bequeathe another epic poem to the world, which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and 'our greater Milton.' After these strong words, but more especially after the freedom and severity which he has exercised in judging the performances of his predecessors, the author may offer, with many misgivings, the hymns in the following collection as his own. Tried by the standard which he has himself set up, every one of them would be found wanting." * The modest ambition and humble disclaimer embodied in the preceding sentences, characteristic as they are of the writer, will not be allowed to outweigh the estimate which the world and the church have long since formed of the man of genius and the Christian poet.

In reference to the metrical compositions used in Christian worship, the poorest of them are generally as good as the taste of those who sing them; indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, more persons may easily be found capable of writing *middling* hymns

* Christian Psalmist

than of appreciating excellence in *the best.* Ministers of religion themselves, when not compilers,* are frequently among the stiffest advocates for a severe sentence on him who shall venture to *think out the meaning of the words* of what he sings, as if the piety were in the tune, and the edification in the aim of this elevating act of devotion. Let, however, any competent person carefully and candidly collate these "Original Hymns," with the stringent canons of composition promulgated by the author in the passages above cited, and then let him try by the same test an equal number of the compositions of a similar character by other modern poets; the result will probably be both instructive and conclusive.

Although labour is not genius, even in literature, and Montgomery would probably be among the foremost to deny that any one could acquire the "faculty divine" of the true poet by a mere ap-

* Among these compilers are many clergymen of the Church of England, who, taking advantage of the ambiguous and practically inoperative relation of the law to what shall be sung in consecrated places, have not only superseded the use of the old and new versions of the Psalms, as they, perhaps on not much better authority, have supplanted each other, by hymns of an evangelical and devotional tone, but they have made and printed selections suited to their own tastes respectively; thus taking advantage—wisely, as many persons think—of the only apparent outlet for individualising the nonconformity of taste and feeling in this delightful branch of divine worship.

prenticeship to verse-making, he would, I am sure, be equally the first to lay stress on the supreme importance of cultivating any talent in order to its complete efficiency. Many persons who read his hymns, and other pieces, so smooth in metre, so sweet in their cadences, so natural and exact in phraseology, may suppose they are struck off at a heat, in moments of inspiration—in plain terms, that they are produced with as little labour as they are read. Nothing can be farther from the fact; for, whatever may have been the mode of catching and fixing first thoughts, the whole has been submitted to frequent and careful elaboration or revision. As it was my privilege to transcribe for the press the greater part of the matter of the following pages (of course, without the alteration of a single word of the author's final corrections), I may be presumed to know something of the process alluded to, from the character of his manuscripts, most of which presented abundant evidence of the *limæ labor;* and in addition to this palimpsest appearance of the original copies, they were sometimes multiplied in *variorum* forms, one hymn, I recollect, existing in not fewer than *ten* different versions! I mention this fact to show to young persons, especially such as may happen to be gifted with the "fatal facility" of religious verse-making, how great a price even a veteran hymnologist feels himself bound to pay for distinguished success.

In the language, not of hyperbole but of truth,

it may be said that the hymns of the Sheffield poet present evidence of every variety of the excellence which he has pointed out in others. In "catholicity," they are not inferior to those of Dr. Watts; in "daring and victorious flights" of spiritual aspiration, they sometimes rival those of Charles Wesley; they are "very pleasing," like Addison's, not only when, like his, they celebrate the blessings of "the God of Providence," but because "the God of Grace" is "more distinctly recognised in them;" equally with Doddridge's "they shine in the beauty of holiness;" with Toplady's, "there is in some of them a peculiarly ethereal spirit;" while often, like Beddome's, a single idea is ingeniously brought out, "not with a mere point at the end, but with the terseness and simplicity of a Greek epigram;" and all this is heightened and deepened by the affecting conviction, that the best compositions of Montgomery, as of Cowper, "are principally communings with his own heart, or avowals of Christian experience; as such, they are frequently applicable to every believer's feelings, and touch unexpectedly the most secret springs of joy and sorrow, faith, fear, hope, love, trial, despondency, and triumph."

It would be easy to adduce, from the book before us, examples of each of the foregoing forms of hymnic excellence, and perhaps also occasional instances of failure; for what human production is perfect? But I am—and without hesitation I con-

fess it—too genuine and generous an admirer of the poetry of my venerable friend, to be implicitly trusted either as a discriminating or an impartial eclectic in such an undertaking. I shall therefore conclude this essay with a few miscellaneous remarks. Allusion has already been made to the "Songs of Zion;" one of these, commencing "Hail to the Lord's annointed!" will be found at page 276 of this volume; it is perhaps one of the most elegant and mellifluous imitations of a psalm in the English language. Dr. Adam Clarke, who has quoted it at length in his learned Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, says the author "has seized the spirit and exhibited some of the principal beauties of the Hebrew bard." The solemn sentiments condensed in *Hymn* 238, point to the fact that "Eternity!" whether the direct or casual subject of the poet's verse, seems to have been an ever-present reality to his mind, influencing by the awfulness of its collateral bearings and its final issues, all his meditations. The several hymns on the Bible, the Sabbath, the advent of the Messiah, and the preaching of the Gospel, are exceedingly appropriate and beautiful. The same may be said of several of the compositions which are rather of a didactic, exegetical, or apostrophic, than of a strictly devotional character, and which are better adapted to be silently treasured up in the memory than uttered in vocal harmony. Of these, the verses on "Prayer," *Hymn* 62, have probably been

more admired by religious people in England, and form to a greater extent one of the "Pleasures of Memory," among old and young, than any modern essay of rhyme of a similar class. A considerable number were, as already intimated, composed on special occasions. If any apology were necessary for the perpetuation of these, it might surely be found in their titles respectively; for, however "few and far between" in their anticipated recurrence jubilees and centenaries may be, these exquisite mementos of their *having been*, will only be repudiated, if at all, by sterner heads and harder hearts than those which were in the first instance gratefully affected by them; to say nothing of the fact, familiar to most pious people, that poetical forms of "sound words," when embodying portions of scripture truth, even for fugitive purposes, are rarely allowed to perish in the first using.

It need scarcely be added that the entire matter of this book, from the first page to the last—from the opening hymn of praise to the "Thrice Holy" Lord God of Hosts, to the corresponding aspirations of the closing Doxology—is strikingly evangelical; indeed, so complete is the inter-penetration of this hallowing element, that while there is hardly a single verse which may not be consistently appropriated by any denomination of orthodox Christian worshippers, there is not one that can be fairly pressed into any service incompatible with

the doctrine of "salvation through the blood of the Lamb."

I owe it to the delicacy of the gentleman with whose name and works I have dealt so freely, but not inconsiderately, in the foregoing pages, to say that, should this Introduction ever meet his eye in print, that will be the first intimation he will have of its existence.

J. H.

Sheffield, March 14, 1853.

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ORIGINAL HYMNS.

HYMN I.

"*Thrice Holy!*"—Isaiah vi. 3.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing,
When the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King:

Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices swell one hymn,
Round the Throne with full accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!

HYMN II.

The Creation and Dissolution of all Things.

1 IN the beginning, GOD said "Be!"
And all things were,—heaven, earth, and sea:
GOD, in the end, once more will say,
"Perish!" and all shall pass away.

2 But Thou, O LORD! for ever art:
The orb of Thine eternity
Is one great whole, without a part;
Past, present, future, meet in Thee.

3 Convinced of sin, my soul would bend
Before Thee in the lowest dust;
Yet to Thy Throne by prayer ascend,
With trembling awe and childlike trust.

4 O look in loving-kindness down
On a frail worm with Thee at strife;
Eternal death were in Thy frown,
Thy smile will be eternal life!

HYMN III.

God the Creator.

1 PRAISE the High, the Holy One!
GOD o'er all, the first, the last:

For He spake, and it was done ;
He commanded, it stood fast.

2 At His word, from darkness light,
Harmony from discord broke ;
Weakness started into might,
Beauty out of dust awoke !

3 Fire and water, air and earth,
Heard His voice and hush'd their strife :
Death itself, by wondrous birth,
Grew the parent of all life.

4 Plant and flower, and herb and tree,
Sprang spontaneous from the sod ;
Sun and moon, and land and sea,
Day and night, beheld their God.

5 Fishes, fowls upon the wing,
Beasts, and all that creep or fly,
Every breathing, moving thing,
Peopled forest, flood, and sky.

6 But while all was fair and good,
All accordant to His will,
None their Maker understood,
Mind and thought were wanting still.

7 God, His glory to display,
With His image crown'd the whole,
Breath'd His Spirit into clay,
And made man a living soul.

8 Hallelujah, praise the One
God o'er all, the first, the last :
For He spake, and it was done ;
He commanded, it stood fast.

HYMN IV.

The Glory of God in Creation.

1 The God of nature and of grace
In all His works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither His path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 How excellent, O Lord, Thy name
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, Thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

5 These lower works, that swell Thy praise
High as man's thoughts can tower,
Are but a portion of Thy ways,
The hiding of Thy power.

6 O shouldst Thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling-place,
The souls which Thou hast made would fail
'Twere death to see Thy face.

7 Can none behold that face and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near:
The Lord is kind, and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

8 Millions amidst His presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy at His right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

HYMN V.

God all in all.

1 Hail, all hail, the King of kings!
On His throne of sovereignty,
By whose will, whose word, all things
Are, and were, and yet shall be.

2 Hail Him, all that move and breathe,
On His throne of Providence;
To His family beneath,
Life and health diffusing thence.

3 Hail Him on His throne of grace,
God our Father reconciled,
Changing, from our fallen race,
Many a foe into a child.

4 Hail Him on His throne of light,
O'er His family above,
From the beatific sight,
Sending peace, and joy, and love.

5 Hail, all hail, the King of kings,
When on earth He deigns to dwell,
Heaven into the soul He brings,
God with us, Immanuel.

6 Come, O come! and for Thy throne,
King of kings, each heart prepare;
Reign triumphant, reign alone,
LORD of lords, for ever there.

HYMN VI.

The Guilt and Folly of denying God.

1 "THERE is a GOD," all Nature cries,
All Knowledge proves "there is a GOD:"
"There is no GOD," the Fool replies,
Whose heart is duller than the clod.

2 The grateful clod, refresh'd with rains,
Pours flowers along its Maker's path;
But the Fool's heart a Fool's remains,
Untouch'd by love, unmoved by wrath.

3 And yet the wretch himself deceives;
While fiends believe, and trembling fly,
He trembles though he disbelieves;
And conscience gives his life the lie.

4 Can guilt, can madness further go?
Yes, his who GOD in works denies;
Whose creed saith "Yes," whose life says "No:"
Am I more holy, just, and wise?

5 My soul, sink down in shame and grief;
So fair without, so foul within;
Thy faith is specious unbelief,
Thy righteousness, self-righteous sin.

6 O God ! Thou art, Thou surely art,
And those who truly seek Thee find ;
Put Thou Thy laws into my heart,
In mercy write them on my mind.

7 Light in Thy light I long to see,
Thy glory in Thy goodness trace ;
Ah ! then reveal Thy Son in me,
Through faith may I be saved by grace.

HYMN VII.

The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.

1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound,
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might,
While all His works with all His ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

HYMN VIII.

The Soul.

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That, which was lost in Paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.

2 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in One.

4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood divine,
To ransom every soul of man;
That price was paid for mine.

5 And is this treasure borne below
In earthly vessels frail ;
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail ?

6 Then let us gather round the Cross,
This knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

HYMN IX.

The Temple of the Soul.

1 Thus saith the high and lofty One,
Inhabiting eternity ;
Earth is My footstool, Heaven My throne,
What temple will ye build for Me ?
Restore Me now Mine own.

2 Behold the temple of My choice ;
My dwelling is the humble soul ;
To make the broken heart rejoice,
The wounded spirit to make whole :
Then hearken to My voice.

3 Here, O Thou high and lofty One,
Bow down Thine heavens to dwell with me ;
Here plant Thy footstool, raise Thy throne,
Rebuild Thy fallen sanctuary ;
I yield Thee back Thine own.

4 Behold the temple of Thy choice,
Eternity within my soul ;
Now make the broken heart rejoice,
The wounded spirit now make whole :
Lord ! I have heard Thy voice.

HYMN X.

The Earth full of the Goodness of God.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres ;
Yet in His providence and grace
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand,
A highway for our GOD ;
He walks amidst the desert-sand,
'Tis Eden where He trod.

3 The forests in His strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the LORD GOD'S voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 Here, on the hills, He feeds His herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds ;
O could we catch their strains !

5 Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light ;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night !

6 In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze His Spirit blows
The breath of life and health.

7 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

8 If GOD hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found !

HYMN XI.

The Sabbath.

1 GOD the Creator bless'd
The Sabbath of His rest ;
His six days' work had brought
The universe from nought ;
The heavens and earth before Him stood,
He saw them, and pronounced them good.

2 GOD the Redeemer bless'd
The Sabbath of His rest,
When, all His sufferings done,
The Cross's victory won,
In Joseph's sepulchre He lay,
And rested on the Sabbath Day.

3 And GOD the Spirit bless'd
The Christian Day of rest,
Where (met with one accord)
The servants of the LORD,
To whom the Father's promise came,
Like rushing wind and living flame.

4 The Church below hath bless'd
Her own sweet Day of rest,
When, in her spousal dress
Of blood-bought righteousness,

Her happy spirit can rejoice
To hear her heavenly Bridegroom's voice.

5 They love the Sabbath Day,
Who love to sing and pray ;
The Day of rest they love,
Who seek their rest above ;
They love the Day of GOD in seven,
Who prize an antepast of heaven.

6 My GOD, the Day is Thine ;
O may I make it mine !
By hallowing it to Thee,
'Tis hallow'd twice to me ;
And when with Thee my heart is right,
I call it holy—a delight.

HYMN XII.

Universal Worship.—Ps. cxlviii.

1 HERALDS of creation ! cry,—
Praise the LORD, the LORD most high !
Heaven and earth ! obey the call,
Praise the LORD, the LORD of all.

2 For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light :
He commanded,—Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon ! your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.

4 Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow,
Lightning, Vapour, Wind and Storm,
Hail and Snow ! His will perform.

5 Vales and Mountains ! burst in song ;
Rivers ! roll his praise along ;
Clap your hands, ye Trees ! and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

6 Birds ! on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at His Temple door,
Joyful sounds from Herds and Flocks,
Echo back, ye Caves and Rocks !

7 Kings ! your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges ! own His righteous law ;
Princes ! worship Him with fear ;
Bow the knee, all People ! here.

8 Let His truth by Babes be told,
And His wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens ! in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

9 High above all height His throne,
Excellent His name alone ;
Him let all His works confess,
Him let every Being bless.

HYMN XIII.

The various Lots of Man in Life.

1 One human pair, and only one,
Were form'd in youthful prime,

All else that e'er beheld the sun,
Were children in their time.

2 For each a mother's pangs were borne,
And many a father's eye
Wept o'er his infant born to mourn,
His infant born to die.

3 With millions life was but a spark,
Extinct as soon as fired;
Others, just glancing from the dark,
Wept, smiled, look'd round, retired.

4 Millions and millions more have pass'd
Life's various pilgrimage,
While Death at all his arrows cast,
And slew of every age.

5 Of these what multitudes untold
Have never known their GOD,
But blind, and ignorant, and bold,
In paths of ruin trod.

6 What guiltier multitudes have known,
Yet scorn'd Him or denied,
Lived to themselves and sin alone;
And as they lived they died.

7 We may not wander like the first;
Then, lest we share the lot
Of those more awfully accurst,
Who knew, but loved, Him not,—

8 May we hold fast the faithful word,
Our future time redeem,
Live, while we live, unto the LORD,
Die, when we die, to Him.

HYMN XIV

Man's Fall and Restoration.

1 The days of Paradise were few,
Man lived not long in innocence ;
He sinn'd, and sin his offspring slew,
Death pass'd on all for his offence.

2 Adam survives throughout his race,
We do our father's deeds by choice ;
Like him, we shun our Maker's face,
And tremble at our Judge's voice.

3 Yet is our Maker still our Friend ;
Man yet may meet his Judge with joy;
God, in our nature, did not send
His Son to punish and destoy.

4 He sent Him forth to seek and save
The lost, the dying, and the dead,
Cancel the curse, despoil the grave,
And bruise for ever Satan's head.

5 Thou, who thy Son to us didst give,
That none who trust in Him should die ;
Give us to Him that we may live ;—
To His atoning blood we fly.

6 Behold His sacrifice of love,
So freely offer'd in our stead ;
Behold Him at the throne above,
And save the souls for whom He bled.

HYMN XV.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God.—Ps. xix.

1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays Thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm Thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy knowledge teach.

2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

3 Waked by Thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power—
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart

4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul Thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, Thy love to me.

HYMN XVI.

The Curse and the Blessing.

1 To Adam thus Jehovah spake—
"The ground is cursed for thy sake;
Thence eat thy bread, and there once more
Become the dust thou wert before."

2 "Serpent," again Jehovah said,
"The woman's seed shall bruise thy head,
Yet in the strife thy fury feel,
For thou shalt turn and wound his heel."

3 He comes;—we hail His glorious birth,
Who brings the blessing back to earth;
Nor Eden only, but the Tree
Of Life and immortality.

HYMN XVII.

The Names and Offices of Christ.

1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel, He,
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to CHRIST the homage meet;
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to GOD alone.

HYMN XVIII.

The Spirit creating all Things New.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroy'd;
Creator-Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word:—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Produce the Tree of Life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of GOD rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

HYMN XIX.

The Flood.

1 In vain the preacher cried, "Repent;
Flee from impending wrath;"
Headlong the world of rebels went
Along its own broad path.

2 They ate, they drank, they bought, they sold,
Built, planted, till the day
When the flood came, and young and old
Were swept at once away.

3 A few that fear'd the warning word
Escaped the doom of sin;
The ark received them, and the LORD
Shut safe His servants in.

4 The tide of time that knows no turn,
Like that ingulfing flood,
Whelms with destruction those that spurn
GOD'S truth and JESUS' blood.

5 But still his preachers cry, "Repent;
Flee from sin's deadly doom;"
Forth from the ark this call is sent,
"Come in, there yet is room."

6 Unshut the door, where Mercy stands,
The perishing to save,
With earnest eye, and outstretch'd hands,
From death beyond the grave.

HYMN XX.

Escape from the Deluge of Old.

1 A WORLD of sinners once was drown'd,
A deluge swept them all away ;
One family alone had found
Mercy in that great Judgment Day.

2 Forewarn'd of wrath to come, they fear'd,
And, taught by God, prepared an ark,
Which o'er the waves in sunshine steer'd,
Where all below was dead and dark.

3 Again the Spirit of the LORD
Moved on the formless deep and void,
And to the Patriarch's sight restored
The relics of that world destroyed :

4 A world without a breathing soul,
Or sign of life in plant or tree ;
Stretch'd like a corpse from pole to pole,
Untravell'd land, unvoyaged sea !

5 Then from their hiding place they came,
And straightway built an altar there ;
Whence rose to heaven the double flame
Of pure burnt sacrifice and prayer.

6 We, in an ark not made with hands,
GOD'S own new covenant of peace,
Which on the rock of ages stands,
Seek refuge till his anger cease.

7 Then, as the cloud-born rainbow smiled
On Noah's ransom'd ones, we trace
Our heavenly Father reconciled
In our incarnate Saviour's face.

HYMN XXI.

The Building of another Tower than Babel.

1 When men once more were multiplied,
In language and in heart the same,
"Come, let us build a tower," they cried,
"To heaven, and get ourselves a name."

2 The Lord came down to see their boast,
Troubled their speech, perplex'd their hands,
And drove the panic-smitten host
From Shinar's plains through unknown lands.

3 A tower and temple more sublime,
Whose top, indeed, to heaven shall reach,
Is raised,—that men of every clime
Again may have one heart, one speech.

4 As varying instruments accord
To form the sweetest minstrelsy,
All hearts, as one, may love the Lord,
All tongues, as one, in praise agree.

5 Thus, till the head-stone be brought forth,
To build that tower the saints unite;
And to the work, from south to north,
From east to west, all tribes invite.

6 Let young and old, as duty calls,
Help to erect God's House of Prayer;
Till He hath gather'd in its walls
Earth's scatter'd tribes, to bless them there.

HYMN XXII.

God in Creation, Providence, and Grace.

1 CREATOR, Redeemer, and Spirit of Truth,
One GOD over all evermore,
In songs of thanksgiving, let manhood and youth
Extol Thee, and praise, and adore.

2 Thy power we behold in the works of Thy hand
The heavens Thy glory declare ;
Thy Providence rules over ocean and land ;
All creatures that live are Thy care.

3 Thy love beyond thought in the Gospel we trace ;
The gift of all gifts is Thy Son,
Redeeming, restoring, and blessing our race,
When fallen, condemn'd, and undone.

4 Thy kindness, long-suffering and mercy to crown,
The heirs of salvation to seal,
And dwell in Thy people,—the Spirit came down ;
His influence now let us feel.

5 The Father, the Son, and the Spirit of Truth,
One GOD over all evermore,
Let manhood and age join with childhood and youth,
To honour, praise, love, and adore.

HYMN XXIII.

Rest for the Soul.—Psalm cxvi. 7.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and madd'ning cares,
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements,—Satan's snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought,
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return
From passions every hour at strife ;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 GOD is thy Rest,—with heart inclined
To keep His Word, that Word believe ;
CHRIST is thy Rest,—with lowly mind.
His light and easy yoke receive

HYMN XXIV.

The Bible.

1 BEHOLD the Book, whose leaves display
JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Read it with diligence, with prayer,
Search it, and you shall find Him there.

2 So let me read, digest, and learn,
That all its truths I may discern ;
The entrance of Thy Word gives light,
LORD, grant me to receive my sight.

HYMN XXV.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 Words of eternal life to me,
O may my faith receive the whole ;
Bound with my heart-strings, let them be
Hid in the secret of my soul.

2 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
These words of prophecy are sure,
Unchangeable amidst decay,
And pure as God himself is pure.

3 Whoe'er to these shall add alloy,
Or take one sacred fragment thence,
Them and their works will God destroy ;
His arm shall be His truth's defence.

4 Firm in that Truth may we abide,
Till Christ our Lord appear again ;
Come, say the Spirit and the Bride,
Lord Jesus, quickly come :—Amen !

HYMN XXVI.

The Bible a Light to the Christian's Feet.

1 What is the World ?—a wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare ;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

2 Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads,
Down to eternal night ;
—One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path ?
The Bible !—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray ;
But He who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

HYMN XXVII.

The Law and the Testimonies.—Ps. xix.

1 THY law is perfect, LORD of light !
Thy testimonies sure,
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate Thy fear,
Enduring as Thy throne :
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone :—

3 More prized than gold,—than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels ;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O GOD ! my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

5 By these may I be warn'd betimes ;
Who knows the guilt within ?
LORD, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin !

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O LORD, my strength and righteousness !
With Thee acceptance find.

HYMN XXVIII.

The Word of God in all its power.

1 THE Word of GOD, the Word of truth,
Instruct our childhood, guide our youth,
Uphold us through life's middle stage,
And be our comfort in old age !

2 'Twas by that Word the heavens were made,
By it the earth's foundations laid ;
All things that are on it depend,
Their source and stay, their rule and end.

3 By it JEHOVAH gave His law,
Midst sounds of terror, sights of awe ;
By it the holy men of old
A better covenant foretold.

4 CHRIST JESUS came, Himself "the Word;"
His voice the powers of nature heard;
In servant's form, they knew His call,
The Son of GOD, the LORD of all.

5 The Word of mercy which He brought,
The Word of wisdom which He taught,
His Word of grace, so full, so free,
Our hope, our joy, our portion be.

6 That Word, if early doom'd to death,
Revive us at our latest breath,
And when our souls in judgment stand,
Decree our place at GOD'S right hand.

HYMN XXIX.

The invitation of Wisdom.—Prov. viii.

1 To us the voice of Wisdom cries,
Hearken, ye children, and be wise;
Better than gold the fruit I bear,
Rubies to me may not compare.

2 Happy the man who daily waits
To hear me, watching at my gates;
Wretched is he who scorns my voice,
Death and destruction are his choice.

3 To them that love me I am kind;
And those who seek me early find;
My Son, give *me* thine heart,—and learn
Wisdom from folly to discern.

4 The LORD possess'd me, ere of old,
His hand the firmament unroll'd ;
Before He bade the mountains stand,
Or pour'd the ocean round the land.

5 Rejoicing then before his throne,
From everlasting I was known ;
Rejoicing still, as in His sight,
With men on earth is my delight.

6 Mark the *beginning* of my law,
—Fear ye the LORD with sacred awe ;
Mark the *fulfilment* of the whole,
Love ye the LORD with all your soul.

7 We hear, we learn ; may we obey ;
JESUS, the life, the truth, the way,
Wisdom and righteousness, we see,
Grace and salvation all in Thee.

HYMN XXX.

"*Thou, God, seest me.*"—Gen. xvi. 13.

1 O GOD, unseen, but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fix'd on me ;
I dwell beneath Thy secret throne,
Encompass'd by Thy Deity.

2 Throughout this universe of space,
To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time, and change of place,
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

3 Parents I had, but where are they ?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more ;
Companions, once that cheer'd my way,
Have dropp'd behind or gone before.

4 Now I am one amidst a crowd
Of life and action hurrying round ;
Now left alone,—for, like a cloud,
They came, they went, and are not found.

5 Even from myself sometimes I part :
Unconscious sleep is nightly death,
Yet surely by my couch Thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

6 Of all that I have done and said,
How little can I now recall :
Forgotten things to me are dead ;
With Thee they live,—Thou know'st them all.

7 Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here ;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb,
Before Thy bar I must appear.

8 The moment comes,—the only one
Of all my time to be foretold ;
Yet when, and how, and where, can none
Among the race of man unfold :—

9 The moment comes, when strength shall fail,
When (health and hope and courage flown)
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death with Thee alone.

10 Alone with Thee!—in that dread strife
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

11 Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveil'd presence stands,
Of Thee, my SAVIOUR and my GOD;—

12 Be mine eternal portion this,
Since Thou wert always here with me,
—That I may view Thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with Thee.

HYMN XXXI.

The Almightiness of God.—Mark, x. 27.

1 WITH men impossible!
What hope remains for me?
A sinner on the verge of hell,
How? whither? shall I flee?

2 "Flee from the wrath to come,"
I hear JEHOVAH say;
What can I do—let doubt be dumb,—
What can I—but obey?

3 His sceptre or His rod,
Who shall control them?—None:
All things are possible with GOD,
He speaks, and it is done.

4 'Tis but to know His will,
And in His power confide,
Then faith may bid the sun stand still,
Or walk upon the tide.

5 The LORD can make a worm
Almighty if He please,
And at His single word perform
Impossibilities.

6 When to the blind man's eyes
He saith "Behold!" 'tis so:
And when He calls the dead, they rise,
Though the grave's mouth cries "No!"

7 Then, my REDEEMER, then,
From wrath to love I flee,
The things impossible to men,
Are possible with Thee.

8 I, at Thy feet, in dust,
My unbelief resign,
In Thee alone is all my trust,
LORD, save me, I am thine,

HYMN XXXII.

All have sinned; all may be saved.

1 A CHILD of man, a child of GOD,
How wide their states must be!
Beneath His sceptre or His rod,
His wrath or clemency.

2 Children of Adam, Adam's fall
From primal innocence,
Brought guilt and judgment on us all,
Entail'd through one offence.

3 Train'd in His image from our birth,
We sinn'd, ourselves, and fell,
Like him, from heirs of heaven on earth,
To heirs of death and hell.

4 Transgressors while we thus remain,
In our own blood we lie ;
We must be born, be born again,
Or die, for ever die.

5 A child of man, a child of God,
How can such union be ?
A worm created from a clod,
Allied to Deity !

6 Lo ! love divine, for man undone,
Devised the wondrous plan,
The Son of GOD, GOD'S only Son,
Became the Son of man.

7 Our path of life and death He trod,
That we like Him might be,
Though sons of men, the sons of GOD,
Through His humanity.

8 All glory to the Father's love,
Who spared not His Son,
And sent His Spirit from above,
To seal what CHRIST had done.

HYMN XXXIII.

Christ the Messiah manifested in his Advent and Offices.

1 A CHILD is born,—the birth proclaim,
A son is given,—declare his name ;
Messiah, from the Fall foretold,
The Deity in human mould ;
—That mould from which, God's image lost
In Eden at so dire a cost,
The new creation shall restore,
And guilt efface its lines no more.

2 Hail ! to His rising from afar,
He is the bright and morning star ;
His healing beams, ye nations, bless,
He is the Sun of Righteousness
To save His people from their sins,
JESUS His suffering life begins ;
Ere long as CHRIST our sacrifice,
The Holy and the Just One dies.

3 Again His glorious name record,
As David's Son and David's Lord ;
He mounts the mediatorial throne,
To claim earth's kingdoms for his own :
Him every eye again shall see
Descend in power and majesty,
His ransom'd in the clouds to meet,
And put all foes beneath his feet.

HYMN XXXIV.

The Name above every Name.

1 The Name, the Name o'er every name
In earth or heaven above,
Let babes' and sucklings' lips proclaim
And youth adore and love,

2 Jesus, the Son of God most high,
Whose image He express'd,
The fullness of the Deity,
In flesh made manifest :—

3 Jesus, the Son of Man became,
Assumed our mortal breath,
Endured the cross, depised the shame,
And pour'd His soul in death.

4 Jesus, omnipotent to save,
Then triumph'd gloriously ;
O Death ! where is thy sting ? O Grave !
Where is thy victory?

5 Redemption in His blood begins,
In His atonement ends ;
He saves His people from their sins ;
Who would not be His friends ?

6 To God the Father's glory, now,
Jesus, Thy name we bless ;
Let every knee before it bow,
And every tongue confess.

HYMN XXXV.

Angels and Men.

1 Angels, the firstborn sons of light,
Since from their glorious seats they fell,
Are outcasts in eternal night;
There is no gospel preach'd in hell.

2 Man, when beguiled from innocence,
Saw death and judgment come on all;
But Jesus died for his offence,
To raise us higher than our fall.

3 Angels, who kept their first estate,
Who sinn'd not, knew not guilt or woe,
In bliss beyond expression great,
The bliss of pardon cannot know.

4 We, born in sorrow and in sin,
Yet by a new and living way
To Paradise again brought in,—
May taste of sweeter joys than they.

5 Oh! through Eternity to trace
How much, how much hath been forgiven,
The riches of redeeming grace,
That, that must be the heaven of heaven.

6 Lord Jesus Christ, who, for our sake,
Wert pleased a child like us to be,
Of every soul possession take,
And new-create us all like Thee.

HYMN XXXVI.

Vain Confidence and Self-deception.

1 Let not the strong, the rich, the wise,
Of knowledge, wealth, or power be vain,
What mortals covet most, most prize,
When won, how few can long retain!
Heaven's noblest gift may prove a snare,
Unsanctified by faith and prayer.

2 He slept on pleasure's lap, and woke
Shorn of his strength! Poor Samson found
The Lord had left him, when he broke
The vow with which his life was bound;
Blind, chain'd, enslaved, returning strength
Brought death with his revenge at length.

3 The wily traitor was betray'd
In his own craft; though woven well,
The net which for his king he laid
Entangled wise Achitophel;
Folly o'erruled what wisdom plann'd,
He perish'd by his own false hand.

4 "Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, rejoice,
Through length of years," the rich man said;
"Thou fool! this night," replied the voice
That calls the living to the dead.
"Thy soul shall be required of thee,
Whose then shall all thy treasures be?"

5 Wise to salvation through His Word,
And rich in faith His kingdom's heir,

Strong in the strength of Christ my LORD ;
Be this my portion ! 'tis my prayer :
For this would I count all things loss,
And glory only in the cross.

HYMN XXXVII.

For Guardianship through Life and Death.—Acts, xvii. 28.

1 To Thee in whom we live and move,
And have our being here,
A higher, holier state to prove,
Through CHRIST let us draw near.

2 Though born in sin, to trouble born,
Transgressors from the womb,
Leave not thine offspring thus forlorn,
In error, doubt, and gloom.

3 Send out, good LORD, Thy light and truth,
Through each advancing stage,
To guard in childhood, guide in youth,
And comfort us in age.

4 Darkness for light may we not choose,
For falsehood truth forego,
Nor things that are eternal lose
For vanities below.

5 Teach us to number so our days,
That we our hearts apply
To walk in Wisdom's pleasant ways,
In them to live and die.

6 Living, prepared with every breath
Our spirits to resign ;
Dying, lay hold on life in death,
And so be ever Thine.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Covenanting to serve the Lord.

1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,
And love Him while ye fear ;
Come, and with heart and hand record
Your vow and covenant here.

2 Vow to be His alone
Who bought you with a price ;
Now render back to God His own,
By free-will sacrifice.

3. Here to His altar brought,
Your covenant renew,
To be in word, and deed, and thought,
Faithful to Him and true.

4 And true and faithful He
To you will ever prove,
Though hills were swept into the sea,
And mountains should remove.

5 Then be His law our choice,
The joy of young and old,
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,
And follow to the fold.

6 So shall His staff and rod
Conduct us and defend :
God is a covenant-keeping GOD,
And loves unto the end.

HYMN XXXIX.

"*I will bless thee,—and thou shalt be a blessing.*"
Gen. xii. 2.

1 WHERE'ER the Patriarch pitch'd his tent,
He built an altar to his GOD,
And sanctified, where'er he went,
With faith and prayer, the ground he trod.

2 Through all the East, for riches famed,
Heaven's gifts, he set his heart on none ;
Nor, when the dearest was reclaim'd,
Withheld his son, his only son.

3 Wherefore, in blessing, he was blest ;
Friendless, the friend of GOD became ;
Long-wandering, every where found rest ;
Long childless, nations bear his name.

4 Nor nations born of blood alone,
The father of the faithful he ;
Where'er his promised seed is known,
Faith's heirs are his posterity.

5 My GOD, what Thou hast made my home,
Let me Thy sanctuary make ;
My GOD, if call'd by Thee to roam,
Glad may I all for Thee forsake.

6 Thy law, Thy Love, be my delight,
Whate'er I do, or think, or am,
Walking by faith, and not by sight,
Like a true child of Abraham.

HYMN XL.

The Lord the Good Shepherd.—Ps. xxiii.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, nor want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul were the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil, Thou anointest my head ;
O ! what shall I ask of Thy Providence more ?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
Still follow my steps, till I meet Thee above :

I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy
kingdom of love.

HYMN XLI.

The Majesty of God.—Ps. xcii.

1 The Lord is King :—upon His throne,
He sits in garments glorious :
Or girds for war His armour on,
In every field victorious :
The world came forth at his command ;
Built on His word its pillars stand ;
They never can be shaken.

2 The Lord was King ere time began,
His reign is everlasting :
When high the floods in tumult ran,
Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves His path ;
The sea is mighty in its wrath,
But God on high is mightier.

3 Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure ;
Thy realm fears no commotion ;
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
The eternal toil of ocean :
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock ;—for holiness
Becomes Thine house for ever.

HYMN XLII.

God Omnipresent and Omniscient.—Ps. cxxxix.

1 Searcher of hearts! to Thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

2 How from Thy presence should I go,
Or whither from Thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in Thine immensity?
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet Thee in eternal day.

3 If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo! Thou art there;
If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel Thine all-controlling will,
And Thy right hand upholds me still.

4 "Let darkness hide me," if I say,
Darkness can no concealment be;
Night on Thy rising, shines like day;
Darkness and light are one with Thee:
For Thou mine embryo-form didst view,
Ere her own babe my mother knew.

5 In me Thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand:
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by Thine hand:

I lived, ere into being brought,
Through Thine eternity of thought

6 How precious are Thy thoughts of peace,
O GOD, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sands or ocean's shore.

7 Search me, O GOD! and know my heart;
Try me, my inmost soul survey;
And warn Thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall Thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

HYMN XLIII.

The Christian Soldier.

1 THE Christian warrior,—see him stand
In the whole armour of his GOD:
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head:
With righteousness, a breastplate meet;
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
But principalities and powers,
Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
Nigh, and assailing at all hours.

4 Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
Quench'd on his shield, at him are hurl'd;
The traitor in his heart is known,
And the dire friendship of this world.

5 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion-foes,
The trustiest weapon were "all-prayer."

6 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee,
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through CHRIST who gives him victory.

7 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

HYMN XLIV.

The peaceful Summons of Salvation opposed to the Sounds of War.—(Anniversary.)

1 NOT by the brazen trumpet's voice,
But the sweet sky-lark's early lay,
Our tribes are summoned, to rejoice
In GOD their Saviour on this day.

2 Not to the battle-field we throng,
With deadly steel in murderous hands,
But on our hill of peace the song
Of triumph bursts from all our bands.

3 Then, in the temples of the LORD,
Assembling round a throne of grace
We sing, and pray, and hear the word,
And meet our Maker face to face.

4 Salvation's silver trumpet brings
Heaven's richest music to our ears ;
Happy, whose heart with rapture springs,
At the first welcome note he hears.

5 He, when the last dread trumpet's tone
The dead to second life shall call,
May stand unmoved before the throne,
Though stars, like lightnings, round him fall.

6 He, where eternal sabbaths shine,
Where all by GOD himself are taught,
Lessons shall learn of truth divine,
Of power and love, surpassing thought.

HYMN XLV.

God's great Deliverance of His People.—Ps. cvii.

PART I.—*The Wilderness.*

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name
For his mercies firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land ;
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home ;

4 Then unto the LORD they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the LORD,
For His goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace !

PART II.—*From Captivity.*

7 They that mourn in dungeon-gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there ;—

8 Foes and rebels once to GOD,
They disdain'd His high control ;
Now they feel His fiery rod,
Striking terrors through their soul.

9 Wrung with agony, they fall
To the dust, and, gazing round,
Call for help ;—in vain they call ;
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

10 Then unto the LORD they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

11 He restores their forfeit breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass ;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

12 O that men would praise the LORD,
For his goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace !

PART III. *From Malignant Disease.*

13 Sinners, for transgression, see
Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
Withering on an early tomb.

14 Food is loathsome to their taste,
And the eye revolts from light ;
All their joys to ruin haste,
As the sunset into night.

15 Then unto the LORD they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

16 He with health renews their frame,
Lengthens out their number'd days,
Let them glorify His name
With the sacrifice of praise.

17 O that men would praise the LORD,
For his goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace !

PART IV. *Perils on the Deep.*

18 They that toil upon the deep,
And, in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep,
With the billow and the gale,—

19 Mark what wonders GOD performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all His storms,
In the chariots of the wind.

20 Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave,
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To the' abysses of the grave.

21 To and fro they reel and roll,
As intoxicate with wine ;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

22 Then unto the LORD they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

23 Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And where deadly lightning ran,
GOD's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

24 O that men would praise the LORD,
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

HYMN XLVI.

Time past, Time passing, Time to come.—Ps. xc.

1 LORD, Thou hast been Thy people's rest,
Through all their generations;
Their refuge when by troubles prest,
Their hope in tribulations:
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art GOD from everlasting.

2 Our life is like the transient breath,
That tells a mournful story;
Early or late, stopt short by death;—
And where is all our glory?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

3 Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise
At Thine awakening terrors:
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
We flee unto Thy mercy.

4 LORD, teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly ;
So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly :
Return, O LORD ! our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early.

HYMN XLVII.

The Long-suffering, Loving-kindness, and Tender-mercy of God.—Ps. ciii.

1 O MY soul ! with all thy powers,
Bless the LORD'S most holy name ;
O my soul ! till life's last hours,
Bless the LORD, His praise proclaim ;
Thine infirmities He heal'd,
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

2 He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good,
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile He hide His face,
Nor His God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but His grace :
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us His care extends.

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4 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus;
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spares his son, He spareth us;
For He knows our feeble frame.
He remembers whence we came.

5 From eternity enduring,
To eternity, the LORD,
Still His people's bliss insuring,
Keeps His covenanted word:
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

6 As in heaven, His throne and dwelling,
King on earth He holds His sway;
Angels! ye in strength excelling,
Bless the LORD, His voice obey:
All His works beneath the pole
Bless the LORD, with thee, my soul!

HYMN XLVIII.

Moses in the Desert.

1 Go where a foot hath never trod,
Through unfrequented forests flee;
The wilderness is full of GOD,
His presence dwells in every tree.

2 To Israel and to Egypt dead,
Moses the fugitive appears;
Unknown he lived, till o'er his head
Had fall'n the snow of fourscore years.

3 But GOD the wandering exile found,
In His appointed time and place ;
The desert sand grew holy ground,
And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.

4 The lonely bush a tree became,
A tree of beauty and of light,
Involved with unconsuming flame,
That made the moon around it night.

5 Then came the Eternal Voice that spake
Salvation to the chosen seed ;
Thence went the Almighty arm that brake
Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.

6 By Moses, old and slow of speech,
These mighty miracles were shown ;
JEHOVAH'S messenger ! to teach
That power belongs to GOD alone

HYMN XLIX.

The Death of Moses.

1 HE climb'd the mountain ; and behold !
The land before him lay :
Here Jordan's bounding waters roll'd,
There Carmel stretch'd away.

2 From northern Lebanon, outspread,
To Araby the wild,
Where strangers' lives the Patriarchs led,
Their promised Canaan smiled :

3 A land of fountains and of rills,
Where milk and honey flow'd ;
Whose stones were iron ; from whose hills
Brass in the furnace glow'd :

4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Whose trees with fruitage hung,
While birds, to soothe the labourers' toil,
Amid the branches sung.

5 Valleys stood thick with golden grain,
Goats bounded on the rocks,
And white and dark, on slope and plain,
Roam'd pasturing herds and flocks.

6 But all the soil with blood was stain'd,
Revenge and rapine strove ;
Pagan abominations reign'd
In every haunted grove.

7 From cities populous and proud
The shrieks of children came,
Where drums and cymbals led the crowd,
Round Moloch's altar-flame.

8 The vision changed ;—then Moses saw
The Idols overthrown,
God out of Zion giving law,
God worship'd there alone.

9 And still the vision grew more bright ;
On humble Bethlehem shined
The star of Jacob, and a light
To lighten all mankind,

10 In silent trance the prophet gazed :
"It is enough," he cried ;
His hands with holy rapture raised,
Saw the Lord's Christ, and died.

11 His spirit return'd to God who gave ;
His body, nowhere found,

Shall keep the secret of its grave
Till the last trumpet sound.

HYMN L.

The Three Mountains.

1 When on Sinai's top I see
God descend in Majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

HYMN LI.

Choosing the Heritage of God's People.

1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unbless'd ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest !

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave ;
Mine the GOD whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour :
"Follow me !"—I know the voice ;
JESUS, LORD, Thy steps I see ;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
Light Thy burden now to me.

HYMN LII.

A Visit to Bethlehem in Spirit.

1 THE scene arround me disappears,
And, borne to ancient regions,
While Time recals the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light,
Amidst the dark and silent night ;
I hear celestial voices.

2 "Tidings, glad tidings from above
To every age and nation;
Tidings, glad tidings,—GOD is love,
To man He sends salvation:
His Son beloved, His only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to his name the glory."

3 Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed,
There lonely watch is keeping:
I enter;—ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine?
Messiah's infant temple?

4 It is, it is; and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of GOD thrice holy:
Faith through the veil of flesh can see
The face of thy Divinity,
My LORD, my GOD, my SAVIOUR!

HYMN LIII.

The Three Marys.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

1 LIKE Mary, when the angel came
To hail her from on high;
We, when GOD's messengers proclaim
Glad tidings, would reply,—

"Behold the handmaid of the LORD,
Be it according to Thy word."
Come, HOLY GHOST, Thy power impart,
Form CHRIST in every heart.

MARY, THE SISTER OF LAZARUS.

2 Like Mary, placed at JESUS' feet,
We hear His words with joy;
Nor would we change our humble seat
For Martha's hard employ.
Now, too, like Mary, when she shed
The precious spikenard on his head,
Sweet fall our tears from grateful eyes,
While prayers like incense rise.

MARY MAGDALENE.

3 Like Mary at the sepulchre,
Our risen LORD we seek:
JESUS, reveal Thyself:—like her,
Oh! might we hear Thee speak!
Thy look, Thy voice, Thy love the same,
Call each poor handmaid by her name;
While, with full heart and kindling eye,
All, all, "Rabboni!" cry.

HYMN LIV.

The Good Shepherd and His Flock.

1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,

CHRIST's flock enjoy, beneath His beams,
Or in His shadow rest.

2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.

3 Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs He gathers in His arms,
And in His bosom bears.

4 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost He came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when He finds.

5 Through wilds of brier and thorn,
In darkness if they stray,
They wander not like waifs forlorn;
Their Shepherd is their way.

6 Should storms of trouble blow,
Warn'd of the coming shock,
They to the Rock of Ages go;
Their Shepherd is their Rock.

7 Let earth and hell oppose,
Let Satan take the field;
Quench'd are the darts of all their foes;
Their Shepherd is their shield.

8 Death may assail; but death
Is vanquish'd in the strife;
Their moment of departing breath,
Begins eternal life.

9 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where JESUS and His flock are one,
One Shepherd and one fold.

10 When the last trump shall sound,
And graves break up their sleep,
At His right hand may we be found,
Among the chosen sheep.

HYMN LV.

The Christian Israel.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far, Thou, LORD, our steps hast led;
Snatch'd from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd, though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
Here, then, we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
LORD, by Thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 Safety Thy presence is, and rest;
While,—as the eagle, o'er her brood
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
Thy love prepares us for the sky.

4 Protect us through the wilderness
From fiery tempest, plague, and foe;
With bread from heaven Thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go:
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but Thine.

5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft, be Thy name,
Thy power and all Thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any GOD but Thee.

6 When we have number'd all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above.

HYMN LVI.

The Waters of Life.—Numbers xxi.

1 SPRING up, O well! sweet fountain, spring!
And fructify the desert sand;
Sing ye that drink; the waters sing,
They dance along the smiling land;
With flowers adorn, with verdure bless,
The waste and howling wilderness.

2 Ho, every one that thirsts draw nigh,
With sickness fainting, worn with toil;

Let him that hath no money buy,
Buy milk and honey, wine and oil,
The fourfold streams of Paradise,
Priceless, because above all price.

3 Come to the pools, ye lame and blind;
Ye lepers, to this Jordan come;
Sight, strength, and healing each may find:
Approach the waves, ye deaf and dumb;
Their joyful sound ye soon shall hear,
And your own voice delight your ear.

4 In every form the waters run,
Rill, river, torrent, lake, and sea;
Through every clime beneath the sun,
Free as the air, as daylight free,
Till earth's whole face the floods o'erweep,
As ocean's tides the channel'd deep.

5 As moved with mighty wings outspread,
God's Spirit o'er the formless void,
So be that Spirit's influence shed
To new-create a world destroy'd;
Till all that died through Adam's fall
Revive in Christ, who died for all.

HYMN LVII.

A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness.

1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.

2 Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within ;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white :
Ye shall walk with GOD in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find ;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more :—

4 He that drinks shall live for ever ;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood :
GOD is faithful ;—GOD will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when he was glorified.

HYMN LVIII.

Christ's Mission.

1 THE world in condemnation lay,
And death, from Adam reigning,
O'er man maintain'd remorseless sway,
While sin his soul enchaining,
Foredoom'd the second death to all
That shared the ruins of the fall ;
But CHRIST'S triumphant mission
Redeem'd us from perdition.

2 Then round His manger let us throng,
Attend Him in temptation,
Carry our cross with joy along
His path of tribulation ;
With Him to Olivet retire,
On Calvary at His feet expire ;
Then, on Mount Zion seated,
Our bliss shall be completed.

HYMN LIX.

The Prince of Peace.

1 When war on earth suspended
His wild career of woes,
The Prince of Peace descended,
A guiltier strife to close :
Vain battles worms were waging
With their Creator God :
He came, and wrath assuaging,
Made peace with His own blood.

2 The storm that flamed and lower'd,
Was calm at His command ;
The rod of Justice flower'd,
Like Aaron's, in His hand :
That sceptre, love-revealing,
Rebels approach and kiss ;
Its leaves are for your healing,
Its fruits—immortal bliss.

HYMN LX.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the LORD of Life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
GOD's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd;"—hear the cry;
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
CHRIST is risen!—He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

HYMN LXI.

Christ's Passion.

1 The morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold His face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those He called His own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met His enemies alone
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 Brought forth to judgment, now He stands
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar:
Here, spurn'd by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mock'd by Herod's men of war.

4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip and knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.

5 No guile within His mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains:
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst His murderers He remains.

6 But hark! He prays,—'tis for His foes;
He speaks,—tis comfort to His friends;
Answers,—and Paradise bestows;
He bows His head; the conflict ends.

7 Truly this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise;
And, bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself—for Man He dies.

HYMN LXII.

What is Prayer?

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to GOD,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
LORD, teach us how to pray.

HYMN LXIII.

The Lord's Prayer.—I.

1 OUR heavenly Father! hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed every where;
Thy Kingdom come; Thy perfect will,
In earth as heaven, may all fulfil;—

2 Give this day's bread, that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Lead us temptation's snares to shun,
And save us from the Evil One:

3 Now, and for ever, unto Thee,
The kingdom, power, and glory be!
Thus, as our Saviour taught to say,
In truth and spirit, let us pray.

HYMN LXIV.

Wants and Wishes in Prayer.

1 WHAT shall we ask of GOD in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
And GOD in mercy grant.

2 Father of all our mercies, Thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven thy dwelling now,
And answer and forgive.

3 When, bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
LORD, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captive free.

4 When, harass'd by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal,

5 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

6 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

7 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee may we have peace.

8 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at Thy right hand.

HYMN LXV.

The Preparation of the Heart.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh! grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
LORD, meet us by the way.

3 Burden'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
LORD, whither shall we go?

4 GOD of all grace, we bring to Thee
A broken, contrite heart;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part.

5 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;—

6 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On CHRIST, on CHRIST alone;—

7 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

8 Give these, and then Thy will be done ;
Thus, strenghen'd with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN LXVI.

Remembrance and Resolution.—Ps. lxii.

1 O GOD ! Thou art my GOD alone ;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 Oh ! that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of Thy grace !

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my GOD !
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee ?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in GOD rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

HYMN LXVII.

Asking, Seeking, Finding.—Matt. vii. 7, 8.

1 ASK, and ye shall receive ;
On this my hope I build :
I ask forgiveness, and believe
My prayer shall be fulfill'd.

2 Seek, and expect to find :
Wounded to death in soul,
I seek the Saviour of mankind ;
His touch can make me whole.

3 Knock, and with patience wait,
Faith shall free entrance win :
I stand and knock at mercy's gate ;
LORD JESUS ! let me in.

4 How should I ask in vain ?
Seek, and not find Thee, LORD ?
Knock, and yet no admittance gain ?
Is it not in Thy word ?

5 Time, ruin, change, decay,
The lines can never blot,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
Thy Word, O GOD ! shall not.

HYMN LXVIII.

"*O Thou, that hearest Prayer!*"—Ps. lxv. 2.

1 Thou, God, art a consuming fire,
Yet mortals may find grace,
From toil and tumult to retire,
And meet Thee face to face.

2 Though "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"
Seraph to seraph sings,
And angel-choirs, with one accord,
Worship, with veiling wings;—

3 Though earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, Thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery:—

4 Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at Thy feet;
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach Thy mercy-seat.

5 Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was express'd;
But God, through Christ, we now behold
In flesh made manifest.

6 Through Him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through Him in whom Thy fulness dwelt
We offer up our prayer.

7 Touch'd with a feeling of our woes,
JESUS, our High Priest stands ;
All our infirmities He knows,
Our souls are in His hands.

8 He bears them up with strength divine,
When at Thy feet we fall ;
LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine ;
Hear us,—on Thee we call.

HYMN LXIX.

Scriptural Prayers.

1 WITH wandering Jacob, let us say—
"If GOD will keep me by the way,
Guide and defend me, clothe and feed,
Then GOD shall be my GOD indeed."

2 With Him who led the ransom'd flock
Through the Red Sea to Sinai's rock,
Be this our one supreme request,
"Thy presence with us go or rest."

3 Join we GOD's people from our youth,
Quit the vain world like humble Ruth ;
With them resolved our lot to try,
Rejoice or suffer, live or die.

4 Like Joshua through this war of life,
Victor in many a deadly strife,
May each this solemn pledge record,
"I and my house will serve the LORD."

5 When prayers and vows to heaven we make,
The words of Solomon we'll take,
Freely for every blessing call,
Yet ask forgiveness with them all.

6 And now, O LORD our GOD! to Thee,
This sum of our petition be,
The language of Thy blessed Son,
"Father! Thy will, not mine, be done."

HYMN LXX.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, in humble prayer,
To Thee our souls we lift,
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow,
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honours which an hour
May bring or take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—LORD, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

5 For we, like children, born in sin,
Know not till Thou hast taught,
How to go out, or how come in,
By word, or deed, or thought.

6 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days;
The old be guided by Thy truth,
In Wisdom's pleasant ways.

HYMN LXXI.

Our Saviour's Prayers.

PREAMBLE.

HIGH PRIEST for sinners, JESUS, LORD!
Whom as a Man of Griefs I see,
Thy prayers on earth, while I record,
If still in heaven Thou pray'st for me,
My soul, for thy soul's travail claim,
I seek salvation in Thy name.

PART I.

1 Baptized as for the dead He rose,
With prayer from Jordan's hallow'd flood,
Ere long by persecuting foes,
To be baptized in His own blood,
The Father's voice proclaim'd the Son,
The spirit witness'd—These are One.

2 Early He rose, ere dawn of day,
And to a desert place withdrew;

There was He wont to watch and pray,
Until His locks were wet with dew,
And birds below, and beams above,
Had warn'd Him thence to works of love.

3 At evening, when His toils were o'er,
He sent the multitudes away,
And on the mountain or the shore,
All night remain'd to watch and pray,
Till o'er His head the stars grew dim,
When was the hour of rest for Him?

4 In field or city, while He taught,
Oft went His spirit forth in sighs;
And when His mightiest deeds were wrought,
To heaven he lifted up His eyes:
He pray'd at Lazarus' grave and shed
Tears with the word that waked the dead.

5 When mothers brought their babes, He took
The lambs into His arms, and pray'd;
On Tabor, His transfigured look,
While praying, turn'd the sun to shade,
And forms, too pure for human sight,
Grew visible amidst that light.

6 "O Father! save me from this hour,
Yet for this hour to earth I came,"
He pray'd in weakness; then with power
Cried, "Father! glorify Thy name;"
—"I have," a voice from heaven replied,
"And still it shall be glorified."

Part II.

1 For Peter, bold in speech and brave
In act, yet in temptation frail,
(As once he proved when on the wave),
Christ pray'd lest his weak faith should fail;
And when by Satan's snare enthrall'd,
His eye the wanderer recall'd.

2 Amidst His mournful family,
Who soon must see His face no more,
With what divine discourse did He
Strength to their fainting souls restore!
Then pray'd for all His people,—where
Have words recorded such a prayer?

3 Next, with strong cries and bitter tears,
Thrice hallow'd He that doleful ground,
Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
His sweat, like blood-drops, fell around,
And, being in an agony,
He prayed yet more earnestly.

4 Here oft in spirit let me kneel,
Share in the speechless griefs I see,
And, while *He* felt what I should feel,
Feel all His power of love to me,
Break my hard heart, and grace supply
For Him, who died for me, to die.

5 Stretch'd on the ignominious tree,
For those, whose hands had nail'd Him there,

Who stood and mock'd His misery,
He offer'd up his latest prayer ;
Then with the voice of victory cried,
" Tis finish'd ! " bow'd His head, and died.

6 There all His prayers were answer'd ;—all
The fruits of His soul's travail gain'd ;
The cup of wormwood and of gall,
Down to the dregs His lips had drain'd ;
Accomplish'd was the Eternal plan,
He tasted death for every man.

7 Now by the throne of GOD He stands,
Aloft the golden censer bears,
And offers, with high priestly hands,
Pure incense with his people's prayers ;
Well pleased the Father eyes the Son,
And says to each request, " Tis done ! "

HYMN LXXII.

Prayer for Increase of Holy Wisdom.

1 O FOR the wisdom from above,
Pure, gentle, peaceable, and mild,
The innocency of the dove,
The meekness of a little child.

2 Wise may we be to know the truth,
Reveal'd in every Scripture page ;
Wise to salvation from our youth,
And wiser grow from stage to stage.

3 Then if to riper years we rise,
And well the work of grace be wrought
Within ourselves,—we shall be wise
To teach in turn what we were taught.

4 Yet still be learning, day by day,
More of GOD'S Word, GOD'S way, GOD'S will;
His law, rejoicing to obey,
Pleas'd His whole pleasure to fulfill,

5 Wise to win souls, if thus we're led,
How blest will be our lot below,
Blessings to share, and blessings shed
On all with whom to heaven we go

6 So may we reach that home at length,
And, clad in righteousness divine,
Even as the sun, when in his strength,
And as the stars, for ever, shine.

HYMN LXXIII.

Pleading in Prayer.

1 How shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its griefs make known,
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest?—Through CHRIST alone.

2 He died that we might die to sin;
He rose, that we to GOD might rise;
By His own blood He enter'd in
The holy place beyond the skies.

3 There, as our great High Priest He stands,
And pleads before the Mercy-seat,
Our cause is in His faithful hands,
Our enemies beneath his feet.

4 Father, in Him we claim our part,
For Thy Son's sake accept us now,
In Him well-pleased Thou always art,
Well pleased with us through Him be Thou.

5 O look on thine anointed One ;
Thy gift in Him is all our plea,
Our righteousness,—what He hath done ;
Our prayer—*His* prayer for us to Thee.

6 So, while He intercedes above,
In His dear name may we believe,
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive.

HYMN LXXIV.

Perseverance in Prayer.

1 PATIENT prayer has power with GOD ;
Thus, while Moses raised the rod,
Israel o'er the foe prevail'd,
But grew feeble when he fail'd,
Till, by Hur and Aaron's care,
Intercession held up Prayer.

2 Pray ye, pray and never faint,
Mourning Sinner, tempted Saint !

Faith and Hope your hands sustain,
Victory then ye must obtain,
Yea, and more than conquerors prove
Through your great Redeemer's love.

HYMN LXXV.

The Name above every Name.

1 Bow every knee at JESUS' name,
And every tongue confess;
Let the Redeem'd with joy proclaim
"The LORD our Righteousness."

2 To Him through all the rounds of time
Perpetual prayer be made;
O'er sea and land, from clime to clime,
Homage to Him be paid.

3 From young and old with every breath
Let prayer and praise arise;
Life be the "daily offering"—Death
"The evening sacrifice."

4 Let heaven and earth reply "Amen!"
And all their hosts adore
The LORD of Angels and of men
For ever evermore.

HYMN LXXVI.

The Confidence of Prayer.—Matt. xiv. 22.

1 WHY thus, my soul, cast down?
And why disquieted?

Black though the tempest frown,
The surge pass o'er thy head ;
Wait the fourth watch ;—for One who saves
Comes to thee, walking on the waves.

2 Lord ! Lord ! if it be Thou,
Bid me come down to Thee ;
Jesus ! I know Thee now,
And walk upon the sea ;
Faith fails ; ah me ! the gulf runs high,
Save, Lord, I sink ! O save, I die !

3 I grasp thy outstretch'd hand ;
We climb the vessel's side ;
And lo ! we touch the land,
The storm is pacified ;
While winds and waves thy voice obey,
Oh ! why am I more deaf than they ?

4 Why, when I know Thy will
Is my salvation, Lord,
When Thou says't "Peace, be still !"
How can I doubt Thy word ?
Speak with that all-commanding might,
Which said to darkness,—"Be thou light !"

5 Speak with that power, which said
To Peter, "Follow me !"
Call'd Lazarus from the dead ;
Then must I yield to Thee,
For Thee, like Peter, all forsake,
Like Lazarus, from the dead awake.

HYMN LXXVII.

For Acceptance in Prayer, and daily Guidance.—Ps. cxli.

1 Lord, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening sacrifice
Look down from heaven well-pleased on me.

2 Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3 But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love,—his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

4 Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God!
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.

5 But O! redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet,
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Closet Prayer.—Matt. vi. 6.

1 O! what a privilege to kneel,
Fall down and worship at thy feet,
My God! my Father! and to feel
With Thee communion high and sweet:—

2 To pour my spirit out in prayer,
Or, on the wings of praise ascend,
Like Moses to the Mount, and there
Commune with Thee, as friend with friend.

HYMN LXXIX.

Daily Prayer.—Luke xviii. 1.

1 Come to the Morning Prayer,
Come let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

3 At eve, shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there "the House of God,"
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray."

HYMN LXXX.

A prayer for every Day and all Day long.

1 In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice ;

GOD, my Sun ! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.

2 Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray ;
Live as always seeing Thee,
Knowing, "Thou, GOD ! seest me."

3 When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.

4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.

5 Thus with thee, my GOD ! my Friend !
Time begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass
Like the changes of the grass.

HYMN LXXXI.

An Evening Thought.—Ps. iv.

1 WHILE many cry in nature's night
Ah ! who will show the way to bliss ?
LORD, lift on us thy saving light ;
We seek no other guide than this.

2 Gladness Thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows ;
Or he who treads the grapes and sings
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

3 In peace I lay me down to sleep ;
Thine arm, O LORD ! shall stay my head,
Thine Angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

HYMN LXXXII.

Fervent Supplication.—Ps. cxxx.

1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O LORD ! I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

2 Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

3 I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive ;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live ?

4 Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin ;
LORD, I am knocking at thy gate,
Open and take me in.

5 Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch till the morning-star [rise,
(Though late and seen through tempests)
Heaven's portals to unbar :—

6 Like them I watch and pray,
And, though it tarry long,

Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song,

7 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease,
For lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

8 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure;
His bow is in the cloud.

HYMN LXXXIII.

For Grace to surrender all to Christ.

1 Jesus, our best-beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire,
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy Redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be:
Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, LORD, for us a resting-place,
In heaven at thy right hand prepare
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

HYMN LXXXIV.

For the Gift of the Holy Spirit.

1 POWER from on high, O GOD, impart,
Power in thy gospel to believe ;
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.

2 The Word to us in vain were given,
We hear, we read, we learn in vain ;
In vain thy Son came down from heaven,
If thou "the Spirit's might" restrain.

3 Here be His sacred influence felt,
With searching, cleansing, quickening force,
Till souls of millstone-hardness melt,
And flow like waters from their source.

4 Convinced and humbled in the dust
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own Thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.

5 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And CHRIST our Saviour glorify ;
While we, as children born of GOD,
With rapture, "Abba ! Father !" cry.

HYMN LXXXV

Resignation.

1 One prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine ;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, all-mighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 Is life with many comforts crown'd,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around,
Lord, in my time of wealth,—

4 May I remember, that to Thee,
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me,
May all Thy bounties flow.

5 Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employ'd,
When in Thy service spent.

6 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will ?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

7 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possest,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

8 Write but my name upon the roll
Of Thy redeem'd above,
Then heart, and mind, and strength and soul,
I'll love Thee for Thy love.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his Holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.

6 Stand up and bless the LORD,
The LORD your GOD adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN LXXXVII.

Exhortation to universal Praise and Thanksgiving.—Ps. cxvii.

1 ALL ye gentiles, praise the LORD,
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the LORD, for ever praise.

2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

3 Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker all that breathe.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The Lord of Hosts.—Ps. xlvi.

1 COME, and behold the works of GOD,
What desolations He will make ;
In vengeance when He wields His rod,
The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake ;

He utters forth His voice ;—'tis felt ;
Like wax the world's foundations melt ;
The LORD of Hosts is in the field,
The GOD of Jacob is our shield.

2 Again He maketh wars to cease,
He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
And burns the chariot ;—joy and peace
In all His glorious march appear :
Silence, O Earth ! Thy Maker own ;
Ye gentiles, He is GOD alone ;
The LORD of Hosts is in the field,
The GOD of Jacob is our shield.

HYMN LXXXIX.

The Song of Songs.

1 COME let us sing the song of songs,
The song which saints in glory sing ;
The homage which to CHRIST belongs,
To-day let babes and sucklings bring.

2 Youth in its prime, and failing Age,
With hearts and voices swell the strain,
To cheer their steps on pilgrimage,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"

3 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to GOD,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !"

4 To Him who suffer'd on the tree,
Our souls at His soul's price to gain,

Blessing, and praise, and glory be :
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

5 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth pertain,
Honour, and majesty, and might :
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

6 Come, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

7 Yea, in eternity of bliss,
If call'd through grace with Him to reign,
Our song—our song of songs, be this,
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! "

HYMN XC.

Glory to God in the Highest.—Luke ii. 13

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born :
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN XCI.

Angels with Men, rejoicing in God.

1 Give glory to the Lord,
Extol His holy name,
Let men and angels' tongues record
His everlasting fame.

2 While we His love relate,
Who saves the lost from hell,
O ye who kept your first estate,
His sovereign power forth tell !

3 Among our fallen race,
The living yet are we ;
This is our day,—our day of grace,
The last we e'er may see.

4 Confess we then our sin,
Repent, believe and pray ;

Strive the straight gate to enter in,
And force the narrow way.

5 The LORD delights to bless
The valiant for the truth,
And crown their age with happiness,
Who serve Him from their youth.

6 Angels, while ye on high
Rejoice o'er ransom'd men;
"The lost is found," we too would cry,
"The dead alive again."

HYMN XCII.

God universally worshipped.

1 ALL Thy works, with one accord
Magnify Thee, mighty LORD!
While the heavens Thy glory show,
Earth extols Thy love below.

2 Day to day doth utter speech,
Night to night Thy knowledge teach:
Nature's universal frame
Answers—"Hallow'd be Thy name."

3 Life, through all its breathing forms,
Death, from darkness, dust, and worms,
In ten thousand wondrous ways,
Fearfully set forth Thy praise.

4 Here, the lips of Infancy
Sweet Hosannas sing to Thee;
Youth and Age, in louder lays,
Joyful Hallelujahs raise.

5 While adoring Seraphim
Thine eternal Godhead hymn,
Saints redeem'd, with glory crown'd,
Calvary's cross, won triumphs sound.

6 May Thy Church from age to age,
In her house of pilgrimage,
Train for Thee her convert-throngs,
And thy statutes be their songs.

HYMN XCIII.

Te Deum laudamus.

O God ! we praise Thee, and we own,
Thou art the Lord, and Thou alone ;
Let the whole earth Thy name adore,
Father of all ! for evermore.
Thee,—Cherubim and Seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein,
Thee—angels laud with voices high,
And Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! cry,
Lord God of Hosts ! whose splendours shine
Through heaven and earth, for these are Thine,
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship, praise Thee ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
To Thee triumphant songs of praise ;
The holy Church ascribes to Thee
Eternal power and majesty ;
Father of ages unbegun,
Thine only, true, anointed Son,
And, sent by Him from Thee to Her,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Hail, King of Glory! CHRIST the LORD,
GOD's everlasting Son,—the Word!
Thou, to retrieve man's mortal doom,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb;
And, having overcome, for us,
Death's sharpness, on the accursed cross,
Open'dst heaven's kingdom, to receive
All those who in Thy name believe.
At GOD's right hand, exalted there,
Thou dost the Father's glory share;
And thence, we know, when comes the end,
Thou wilt, to be our Judge, descend.
Help, LORD, Thy servants, that we may
Find mercy in that dreadful day;
Redeem'd with Thy most precious blood,
And number'd with Thy saints, who stood
Firm in the faith, may we be found,
In glory everlasting, crown'd.
Thy people save,—from age to age,
Govern and bless Thine heritage;
Daily we magnify Thy name,
World without end Thy praise proclaim.
Vouchsafe this day to keep from sin
Our going out, and coming in:
O LORD! have mercy on us all,
Have mercy on us when we call;
Thy mercy, LORD, to us extend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend;
LORD, we have put our trust in Thee,
Confounded let us never be.

HYMN XCIV.

Hallelujah.

1 Hark! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—'tis done,
And the Kingdoms of this world
Are the Kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN XCV.

The Lord's Day.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice ;
To Him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord,
How dreadful is this place !
With meekness let us hear His word,
With reverence seek His face.

3 This is the homage He requires,—
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well-pleased through Jesus Christ His Son,
From sin he grants release ;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN XCVI.

Longing for the Courts of the Lord's House.—Ps. xlii.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,

So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living GOD to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
LORD, shall I to Thee draw near?

2 Tears my food by night, by day,
Grief consumes my strength away;
While his craft the Tempter plies,
"Where is now Thy GOD?" he cries;
This would sink me to despair
But I pour my soul in prayer.

3 For, in happier times, I went,
Where the multitude frequent;
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to Thy courts, my King!
I with them was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

4 Why art thou cast down, my soul!
GOD, thy GOD, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
GOD shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

HYMN XCVII.

Preparation for Public Worship.

1 How shall we come before the LORD?
And how approach to the Most High?
Met in His house with one accord,
At His commandment we draw nigh.

2 Not hecatombs he now requires,
The daily blood of slaughter'd beasts ;
Quench'd are the ancient altar fires,
Extinct the line of typic priests.

3 Man's only Mediator stands
Before the Father's throne to plead
His sole atonement : in his hands
Our cause is safe ; it must succeed.

4 The broken heart in sacrifice,
The contrite spirit let us bring,
For Thou, O GOD ! wilt not despise
Thine own appointed offering.

HYMN XCVIII.

For Divine Blessing on the Ministry of the Word.

1 ASSEMBLED in Thy house of prayer,
On every mind instruction seal ;
Preacher and people, LORD, prepare
To seek Thy face, Thy presence feel.

2 From earthen vessels we receive
The living streams of truth divine ;
The spirit with the letter give,
And turn the water into wine.

3 Enter we now Thy gates with praise,
With reverence at Thine altar bend,
With gladness our thanksgivings raise,
With meekness to Thy Word attend.

4 So, when the gospel, in Thy name,
From human lips salutes our ear,
May our responding hearts exclaim,
"Speak to us, LORD; Thy servants hear."

5 Paul then may plant the precious grain,
For Thine will be the quickening power;
Apollos water, not in vain,
For Thou wilt give the genial shower.

6 The scatter'd seed thus sown in hope
Shall spring and spread with large increase,
And yield on earth a heavenly crop
Of love, joy, righteousness and peace.

HYMN XCIX.

For a solemn Assembly.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O GOD! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, JESUS! LORD!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty Word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quickening grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal GOD confest!
Whom thou hast join'd let none divide,
None dare to curse whom thou hast blest.

5 With thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love and reign in light.

HYMN C.

For the Peace and Prosperity of the Church.—Ps. cxxii.

1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come,—in the House of GOD appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old in many a band
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And joyful in the House of Prayer
Bend at the Mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our GOD;
The LORD from Heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound.

6 God scorns not humble things ;
These, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings,
Are training for the skies.

7 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an eternal crown.

8 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease,
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace.

HYMN CI.

Ps. cxxii. 7—9.

1 God in his temple let us meet :
Low on our knees before Him bend,
Here hath He fix'd his Mercy-seat,
Here on his worship we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

3 With righteousness Thy priests array ;
Joyful Thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
Let all be Holiness to Thee.

HYMN CII.

Sabbath worship in the Sanctuary.

1 Again, on this rejoicing day,
God's people in his temple meet,
To learn his will,—to praise and pray,—
For praise is comely, prayer is sweet:

2 And meek obedience to his will
Is perfect freedom to their mind,
Who love his service and fulfil,
With heart and hand, the work assign'd.

3 One day, Lord God! within thy courts,
Is better than a thousand spent
In vain delights, or wanton sports,
That leave remorse and discontent.

4 Rather we'll choose the lowest place,
The keepers of Thy doors to be,
Than dwell where sinners, void of grace,
Forget themselves, forgetting Thee.

5 Our willing souls we now would yield
To Thee, as Thine alone to live,
Assured Thou wilt, our sun and shield,
No good withhold,—all blessing give.

6 So, from Thy sanctuary shower
On young and old, with large increase,
Thy heavenly gifts, and from this hour,
Lord! send prosperity and peace.

HYMN CIII.

Public Worship.

1 Father of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Our Father too through Him art Thou,

Met in his Name, with one accord,
Own and accept thy Children now.

2 A part of Thy great family,
Who in Thy House have found their home,
Here it is good for us to be ;
Hence let no more our footsteps roam.

3 All we like sheep have gone astray,
Scatter'd, and torn, and tempest-tost,
Each one had turn'd to his own way,
And each in his own way was lost.

4 But the good Shepherd from above
Came down into the wilderness,
In his omnipotence of love,
To seek and save, to heal and bless.

5 He call'd us with His gentle voice,
Now to that call may we reply,
And make His staff and rod our choice,
Amidst His flock to live and die.

6 For His soul's travail may He see
Our names with His redeem'd enroll'd,
At that great day, when there shall be,
In Heaven, one Shepherd and one fold.

HYMN CIV.

Spiritual Worship.

1 With reverence and with godly fear,
Father of mercies ! may we now
In spirit and in truth draw near,
And humbly at thy footstool bow.

2 Such worshippers Thou dost require,
Such, round Thine altar make us all;
Thou, GOD, that answerest by fire!
Let that baptismal blessing fall.

3 All gods beside Thee we disown,
Henceforth all idols we forsake;
Thou LORD art GOD, thou, LORD, alone;
Thy vows upon our souls we take.

4 Bind Thou in Heaven what thus we bind
On earth, in great infirmity,
But put Thy laws within our mind,
These shall our strength, our safeguard be.

5 We seek salvation, in the name
Of JESUS thy beloved Son;
We plead His prayer; we urge His claim;
With Thee and Him let us be One.

6 Now, while in fellowship we meet,
The earnest of thy Spirit send,
And here our union to complete,
Seal it on high, world without end.

HYMN CV.

The Courts of the Lord's House.

1 How amiable, how fair,
O LORD of Hosts! to me
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for Thee;
My heart and soul, with heavenward fire,
To Thee, the living GOD, aspire.

2 The sparrow finds a place
To build her little nest,
The swallows' wandering race
Hither return to rest ;
Beneath Thy roof their young ones cry,
And round Thine Altar learn to fly.

3 Thrice blessed they who dwell
Within Thy house, my GOD !
Where daily praises swell,
And still the floor is trod
By those, who in Thy presence bow ;
By those whose King and GOD art Thou.

4 Through Baca's arid vale,
As pilgrims when they pass
The well-springs never fail ;
Fresh rain renews the grass ;
From strength to strength they journey still,
Till all appear on Zion's hill.

5 LORD GOD of Hosts ! give ear,
A gracious answer yield ;
O GOD of Jacob ! hear ;
Behold, O GOD ! our shield ;
Look on Thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

6 LORD, I would rather stand
A keeper at Thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
In tents of earthly state ;
One day within Thy courts, one day
Is worth a thousand cast away.

7 God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed,
God is a helm of might
To guard the faithful head.
O Lord of Hosts! how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee.

HYMN CVI.

Waiting upon God in His House.

1 All hearts are open to Thy view,
All things are naked in Thy sight;
Now may the Eye that looks us through,
Show us ourselves in its pure light.

2 Then, while with awe we look to Thee,
The High, the Holy One, the Just,
With self-abhorrence, Lord, may we
Repent in ashes and in dust.

3 But, lest we perish in Thine ire,
—For woe are we, unclean, undone!
Our God is a consuming fire,—
May we behold Thee through Thy Son.

4 In Him love, mercy, truth, and grace,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells;
And the bright shining of His face
Darkness, and doubt, and fear dispels.

5 So be it:—round Thy throne we meet,
With faith and hope, in self-despair,
To pour our souls out at Thy feet;
Hear us,—O Thou that hearest prayer!

HYMN CVII.

For the great Congregation.

1 God is in His holy temple,
All the earth keep silence here ;
Worship Him in truth and spirit,
Reverence Him with godly fear ;
Holy, holy,
Lord of Hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the Mercy-seat :
Saints, rejoice ! and sinners, tremble !
Each prepare his God to meet :
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at His feet.

3 Hail Him here with songs of praises,
Him with prayers of faith surround ;
Hearken to His glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound ;
Blesséd, blesséd,
They who know the joyful sound.

4 Though the heaven, and heaven of heavens,
O Thou Great Unsearchable !
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell ;
Welcome, welcome,
God with us, Immanuel.

HYMN CVIII.

For Grace to know ourselves.

1 Here young and old, here great and small,
Here rich and poor together meet :

The LORD, the Maker of them all,
Gives audience from the Mercy-seat.

2 While faith may see Him eye to eye,
And guilt in vain would shun the light,
The hidden things of darkness lie
Naked and open to His sight.

3 Not as to others we may seem,
Who look but on the outward guise;
Or of ourselves we fondly dream,
A foolish people and unwise:—

4 But what we are in heart and soul,
His sin-abhorring eyes discern;
On Him we wait, the true, the whole
Sad secret of ourselves to learn.

5 Taught by His Son, may we believe
In Him our Father reconciled;
Led by His Spirit, each receive
His kingdom as a little child.

6 With reverence, then, and godly fear,
While prayer and praise our tongues employ,
O that we all may now draw near
To GOD, as our exceeding joy!

HYMN CIX.

The Communion of Saints.—Heb. xii. 18—26.

1 NOT to the Mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet sounding higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,

While Israel heard with trembling awe
JEHOVAH thunder forth His law :—

2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living GOD,
Jerusalem our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod ;
Where meet in everlasting love
The Church of the first-born above :—

3 To GOD, the judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
JESUS, our great new covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

4 O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven, in tones so mild ;
To-day, are life and death our choice ;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to GOD we yet may give ;
Now let us hear His voice, and live.

HYMN CX.

The Covenant of Peace renewed between Christians.

1 THE peace of GOD surpassing thought,
From heaven into our minds come down ;
That peace on earth which JESUS brought,
When for the cross He left his crown :—

2 That peace with GOD, which JESUS made,
Our daysman and our surety He,

Whose outstretch'd hands on both were laid,
The sinner and the Deity :—

3 That peace be ours ; so shall we prove,
As faith, and hope, and love increase,
That CHRIST's disciples live and move
In the pure element of peace.

4 Assembling here, an humble band,
Our covenantal pledge to take,
We pass the cup from hand to hand,
From heart to heart, for His dear sake.

5 JESUS, Thyself to us draw nigh,
And speak Thy salutation-word,
Say "Peace be with you!" while we cry,
Like those of old,—"It is the Lord!"

6 Our LORD! our GOD! Thy Spirit's seal
Impress on our recorded vow,
And may our peaceful lives reveal
The truth of what we witness now.

HYMN CXI.

For Christ-likeness.

1 SON of the living GOD, display
Thy glory in this place,
While for new hearts, new souls we pray,
And early seek Thy face.

2 Wert Thou obedient unto death,
That we might never die?
Didst Thou, as man, resume Thy breath
To plead for us on high?

3 And wilt Thou in Thine image mould
Those whom Thy blood hath bought ?
As GOD, in us the clay behold ;
In us the change be wrought :—

4 Till heart in hand ourselves we give,
No longer deem'd our own ;
Baptized into Thy death to live,—
To live to Thee alone.

5 So when this earthly house we leave,
For mansions built above,
Our Spirits to the arms receive
Of Thine eternal love.

HYMN CXII.

Assurance and Encouragement.—Matt. vii. 7, 8.

WHILE these commands endure,
These promises are sure ;
And 'tis an easy task
To knock, to seek, to ask :
Sinner hast thou the willing mind ?
Saint, art thou thus inclined ?
Dost thou expect, desire, believe ?
Then knock and enter, seek and find,
Ask and receive.

HYMN CXIII.

The House of Prayer.—Isaiah lvi. 7.

1 "MINE House shall be an House of Prayer
For all that live, to worship there : "

Thus saith the Lord :—how answer we ?
"Thine House, our House of Prayer shall be."

2 "Wherever I my name record,
There will I meet Thee," saith the LORD ;
Thee in Thine House of Prayer we meet ;
Now bless us from the Mercy-seat.

3 Thus spake the LORD—"My Son, to Thee
Swear every tongue, bow every knee :"
Father, by us Thy will be done,
We bow the knee and "Kiss the Son."

4 His throne and kingdom thus advance,
The world be His inheritance ;
Then, for all people every where,
Thine House shall be an House of Prayer.

HYMN CXIV.

Efficacy of united and faithful Prayer.

1 COME to the throne of Grace :—it stands
At all times, every where ;
With humbled hearts and holy hands,
Let us assemble there.

2 On the whole earth's expanded face,
'Tis best to tarry there.
For nearest heaven must be the place,
Where GOD meets man in prayer.

3 In the same moment, at that throne,
Were all who breathe the air,
In multitude, or each alone,
Found offering faithful prayer :—

4 No thought, no word, no sigh, in vain,
Conceived, or utter'd there,
Could miss the mark ; like genial rain
Blessings would fall on prayer.

5 When field and forest, plant and flower
The dews of morning share,
Blade, bud, leaf, blossom, in one hour,
Alike are water'd there.

6 To-day while countless Sabbath bands
Are gathering every where,
Let us with them lift hearts and hands,
And all unite in Prayer.

HYMN CXV.

A Day in the Lord's Courts.

1 To Thy Temple I repair,
LORD, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
CHRIST before the Mercy-seat.

2 Thou through Him art reconciled,
I through Him become thy child ;
Abba ! Father ! give me grace,
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the LORD my Righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
GOD of Love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for JESUS intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thine House, when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with GOD to-day."

HYMN CXVI.

Waiting on the Lord.

1 JOYFUL in Thy House of Prayer,
Shall Thy chosen people be;
GOD of mercy, meet me there,
While my spirit waits on Thee.

2 There, with strength renew'd, the saint
As on eagle wings shall fly,
Walk and run, and never faint,
Fight and conquer,—so would I.

3 There, with faces Zion-ward,
When transgressors ask the way
To the city of the LORD,
Each shall hear the watchman say:—

4 To the Cross direct thine eyes,
Thither from destruction flee,
For the gates of paradise
Open stand on Calvary.

5 "He who bore a sinner thence,
As a trophy of his death,
There will pardon thine offence,
There receive thy latest breath."

6 There, where my Redeemer died,
Humbly in the dust I fall;
JESUS, and Him crucified,
Now shall be mine all in all.

HYMN CXVII.

Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 ALL hearts to Thee are open here;
All our desires are known;
And we are that which we appear
To Thee, good LORD, alone.

2 No eye of man can penetrate,
Another's secret mind,
Nor well discern his own estate,
Naked, and poor, and blind.

3 The entrance of Thy word gives light:
Let it so shine within,
That each may tremble at the sight
Of his unbosom'd sin.

4 With godly sorrow make him grieve,
Till hope spring out of grief,
And cry with tears, "LORD, I believe,
Help Thou mine unbelief."

5 Ah! then reveal Thy pard'ning love,
To young, to old, to all,
And raise Thy banish'd ones above
The misery of their fall.

6 As sinners to Thy house we came:
As saints may we depart,
In humbler, holier, happier frame
Of soul, and mind, and heart.

HYMN CXVIII.

The Day of Grace.

1 ANOTHER day, a day of grace
Is given us from on high;
The sun rejoicing runs his race
Of glory round the sky.

2 We love to hail him on the way,
With healing in his wings,
For every time he brings a day,
A day of grace he brings;—

3 Of grace to weary ones, who sleep
As homeless Jacob slept;
Of grace to penitents, who weep
As fallen Peter wept;—

4 Grace, such as humble Mary moved
To choose the better part,
Saul's slaughter-breathing zeal reproved,
And open'd Lydia's heart.

5 Such grace be ours, howe'er the past
Have well or ill been spent ;
To-day,—since this may be our last,—
To-day let us repent.

6 Now young and old, now great and small,
Seek we our Saviour's face,
That each henceforth this day may call
A day indeed of grace.

HYMN CXIX.

Invitation to seek the better Country.

1 Come, let us go to heaven ;—the way,
Like darkness, opens into day,
When from the turning-point of night,
Breaks the first beam of morning light.

2 Come let us go to heaven ;—our guide
Is Christ who lived, is Christ who died,
And rose again ; His staff and rod,
Through life and death, will lead to God.

3 Come, let us go to heaven ;—forsake
Sin, earth, and hell, and gladly take
His easy yoke, His pleasant load,
And brave the dangers of the road.

4 Come, let us go to heaven ;—and press
On through the howling wilderness ;
Yet fear not, little flock, though foes
Without, within, your course oppose.

5 Come, let us go to heaven,—no power,
Not Satan roaring to devour,
Nor all his hosts, can harm, for ye,
Through CHRIST, shall more than conquerors be.

6 Come, let us go to heaven ;—and meet
Once and for ever, round His feet ;
Yea, in CHRIST's kingdom, as His own,
Sit down with Him upon His throne.

7 Can these things be ?—they are, are sure
To all who to the end endure ;
While unbelief cries, "can they be ?"
Come, let us go to heaven and see.

HYMN CXX.

Evening Song for the Sabbath-day.

1 MILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bow'd ;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vow'd :

2 But Thou, soul-searching GOD ! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth, that worshipp'd Thee.

3 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

4 Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er islands, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

5 From east to west, the sun survey'd,
From north to south, adoring throngs ;
And still, where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.

6 Harmonious as the wind and seas,
In halcyon hours when storms are flown,
Arose earth's Babel languages,
In pure accordance to the throne.

7 Not angel trumpets sound more clear,
Nor elders' harps, nor seraphs' lays,
Yield sweeter music to Thine ear
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

8 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble, Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

9 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

10 Yet one prayer more !—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord ;

Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son.
Let all that breathe call JESU Lo :).

HYMN CXXI.

Seeking the Lord's Face.—PS. xxvii.

1 ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue ;
What Thine own Spirit doth inspire,
LORD, for Thy servant do.

2 Grant me within Thy courts a place,
Among Thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold Thy face,
And worship at Thy feet.

3 In Thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in Thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

4 "Seek ye My face ;"—without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
"Thy face, LORD, will I seek."

5 Then leave me not, when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee,
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My GOD, remember me.

6 Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine affections brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

7 Wait on the LORD, with courage wait,
My soul, disdain to fear:
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

HYMN CXXII.

The Image of Christ.

1 To me to live, let it be CHRIST,
To me to die will then be gain,
If here into His death baptized,
His resurrection I attain.

2 As He was in the world, let me,
Born from above, my course fulfil;
My meat, my drink, my business be
To do my heavenly Father's will.

3 So, when He comes, with glory crown'd,
To claim His own, and seal them His,
I in his likeness shall be found,
For I shall see Him as He is.

HYMN CXXIII.

Gratitude for Redemption.—Ps. cxvi.

1 I LOVE the LORD;—He lent an ear,
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the LORD.

2 Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
Death dragg'd me for his prey;
The pit was moved to take me in,
All hope was far away.

3 I cried in agony of mind,
"LORD, I beseech Thee, save:"
He heard me;—Death his prey resign'd,
And Mercy shut the grave.

4 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From GOD no longer roam:
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

5 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me;
So great and numberless?

6 This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy power proclaim,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon Thy name.

7 Thou GOD of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
And at Thine altar bow.

8 Henceforth myself to Thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

HYMN CXXIV.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 We know the condescending grace
Of our Lord Jesus Christ:—we know
He came to seek and save our race
From sin, and death, and endless woe.

2 Rich ere the world began,—on earth
Impov'rish'd to retrieve our loss,
And, from the manger at His birth,
Exalted only to the cross.

3 Yet in that humble crib was He
God in the flesh made manifest:
And, on that ignominious tree,
God over all, for ever blest.

4 Then, at His manger let us meet,
In spirit our Emmanuel own,
Or round the cross, beneath His feet,
Hail Him as on the Father's Throne.

5 That throne and cross united here
Time nor eternity can part,
As one henceforth the twain appear,
Seen only by the pure in heart:—

6 The pure in heart, for they alone
Can on the cross's glory gaze,
Where the Lamb slain amidst the Throne
Adoring saints and angels praise.

HYMN CXXV.

"*Himself He could not save.*"—Mark xv. 31.

1 "He saved others," scorners cried,
Beholding Jesus crucified;
"Is this the Son of God with power?
Lo, in His own afflictive hour,
Himself he cannot save."

2 He *was* the Son of God with power,
He "came unto that very hour;"
I'll joy in His reproach and shame,
"He saved others;" I'll exclaim,
"Himself He could not save."

3 His agony and bloody sweat,
His cross and passion paid my debt;
He saved others when he fell,
Yet,—who the mystery can tell?
Himself He could not save.

4 Love, love unthroned the Son of God;
Love bruised Him with the Father's rod;
Love gave, and love reclaim'd His breath;
He saved others by His death;
Himself he could not save.

5 Were Love and Deity at strife?
No,—freely He resign'd His life;
God freely sent Him from above;
Love is of God, for God is love;
Himself He could not save.

6 Have I hope beyond the grave ;
'Tis this, Himself he could not save ;
Hope full of immortality ;
He saved others, saved me ;
Himself He could not save.

HYMN CXXVI.

Christ Jesus our Pattern in doing and suffering.

1 And did the Son of God appear
A man of toil and suffering here ?
Him let us then our pattern make,
Who toil'd and suffer'd for our sake.

2 Though holy, harmless, undefiled,
He learn'd obedience, from a child ;
Through youth in grace and wisdom grew,
As man the Tempter's wiles o'erthrew.

3 Glad tidings, when He went to preach,
How mild and healing was His speech !
Though with authority He taught,
And miracles of mercy wrought.

4 Rebuke and scorn he meekly bore,
The more reviled He loved the more ;
Thus He delighted to fulfil
Love's law,—His heavenly Father's will.

5 O'er land and sea, whate'er the cost,
He came to seek and save the lost ;
For this he hunger'd, thirsted, sigh'd,
Watch'd, pray'd and labour'd, lived and died.

6 Taught by the Holy Spirit may we
In all things like our pattern be ;
By His, our words and actions frame,
And bear His cross, who bear His name.

HYMN CXXVII.

The Power of Christ's Resurrection.

1 Come see the place where Jesus lay,
For He hath left his gloomy bed ;
What angel roll'd the stone away ?
What spirit brought Him from the dead ?

2 By His omnipotence He rose,
By His own Spirit lived again,
To crush for ever all His foes,
To raise for ever ruin'd men.

3 Those who His image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.

4 What shall restore a world from death,
Where Satan holds his murderous reign ?
Spirit of Jesus ! with Thy breath
Shake the dry bones, revive the slain.

5 Dead while they live are Adam's race,
By nature, since their Father's fall ;
But lo ! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the gospel-hope to all.

6 Hear it ye dead, of every clime,
Before the second death begins ;
Come forth to this new life in time,
This resurrection from your sins.

HYMN CXXVIII.

The Resurrection.

1 Morning of the Sabbath day,
O thou sweetest hour of prime !
Dart a retrospective ray
O'er the eastern hills of time ;
Daybreak let my spirit see
At the foot of Calvary.

2 Joseph's sepulchre is nigh ;
Here the seal upon the stone,
There the sentinel, with eye,
Star-like, fix'd on that alone ;
All around is calm and clear,
Life and death keep Sabbath here.

3 Bright and brighter, beam on beam,
Now, like first created light,
From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,
Shoots athwart the waning night,
Till the splendour grows intense,
Overpowering mortal sense.

4 Glory turns with me to gloom,
Sight, pulsation, thought depart,
And the stone that closed the tomb,
Seems to lie upon my heart ;

With that shock the vision flies ;
Christ is risen ;—and I may rise :—

5 Rise, like Him, as from this trance,
When the trumpet calls the just
To the Saints' inheritance,
From their dwellings in the dust :
By thy resurrection's power,
JESUS, save me in that hour.

6 Sabbath morning, hail to thee ;
O thou sweetest hour of prime !
From the foot of Calvary,
Now to Zion's top I climb,
There my risen LORD to meet,
In his temple, at his feet.

HYMN CXXIX.

"*This do in remembrance of Me.*"— Luke xxii. 19.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD !
I *will* remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee ?

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of GOD, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee :—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
JESUS, remember me.

HYMN CXXX.

The Lord's Supper.

1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part,
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from his heart ;

2 To feed by faith on CHRIST, my bread,
His body broken on the tree,
To live in Him, my living Head,
Who died, and rose again for me ;

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine :
JESUS, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

4 From Thy dear hand, may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love,
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with thee above.

5 Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,
For such a moment death were sweet.

6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
A moment?—No, eternity!
They are for ever with the LORD.

HYMN CXXXI.

Christ in the Midst of His People.

1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,
When His disciples met,
O'er His lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet.

2 Lo, in their midst His form was seen,
The form in which He died,—
Their Master's marr'd and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their LORD to know,
And worshipp'd, yet with fear;
JESUS, again Thy presence show;
Meet Thy disciples here.

4 Be in our midst ;—let faith rejoice
Our risen LORD to view,
And make our spirits hear Thy voice,
Say, "Peace be unto you."

5 Then, while we hearken, O unfold
The Scriptures to our mind :
Their mysteries let us now behold ;
Their hidden treasures find.

6 Thee it behoved to suffer thus,
And to Thy glory rise ;
Instruct, confirm, and strengthen us,
And make Thy servants wise ;—

7 Wise to win souls, may we reveal
Thy love to all around,
And in ourselves its influence feel
Yet more and more abound.

8 And while with thee, in social hours,
We commune through Thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess, "It is the LORD."

HYMN CXXXII.

"*And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh.*"—
Genesis xxxii. 26.

1 LET me go, the day is breaking,
Dear companions, let me go ;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below ;

Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go, I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears,
Angels wait my soul to carry,
Where my risen LORD appears ;
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If you love me let me go.

3 We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through calm and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part,
Yet we must ;—" Farewell ! " to you ;
Answer, one and all, " Adieu ! "

4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight ;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen you hear me sing.

5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky ;
I am dead ;—nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die ;
Would you solve the mystery ?
Come up hither,—come and see !

HYMN CXXXIII.

For Ascension Day.—Ps. xxiv.

1 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! and wide
Your everlasting doors display ;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide
And give the King of Glory way.

2 Who is the King of Glory ?—He,
The Lord, omnipotent to save ;
Whose own right arm, in victory
Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! and high
Your everlasting portals heave ;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh ;
Him must the heaven of heavens receive.

4 Who is the King of Glory ?—who ?
The Lord of Hosts ;—behold His name ;
The kingdom, power, and honour due,
Yield Him, ye saints ! with glad acclaim.

HYMN CXXXIV.

For Ascension Day.

(Paraphrased, in the original metre, from a Dutch Hymn.)

1 Praise the Lord through every nation ;
His holy arm hath wrought salvation ;
Exalt Him on His Father's throne :
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares, in heavenly regions,
Unfailing mansions for His own :

With voice and minstrelsy,
Extol His majesty ;
Hallelujah !
His praise shall sound—all nature round,
Where'er the race of man is found.

2 God with God, dominion sharing,
And man with man, our image bearing,
Gentiles and Jews to Him are given ;
Praise your Saviour, ransom'd sinners,
Of life, through Him, immortal winners ;
Nor longer heirs of earth but heaven :
Oh ! beatific sight,
To view His face in light !
Hallelujah !
And while we see—transform'd to be,
From bliss to bliss eternally.

3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious !
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious ;
Wisdom and might to Thee belong ;
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,
Thy love henceforth shall be our song ;
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear ;
Hallelujah !
Thy reign extend—world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

HYMN CXXXV.

The parting of Christian Friends.

1 Once more to Bethany,—once more
His little flock the Saviour led ;
And while their hearts and eyes ran o'er,
These were the gracious words He said :—

2 "Go into all the world ;—proclaim
Pardon throughout the rebel-host ;
Baptize believers in the name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3 "Power shall be given you from on high ;
The Father's promise I will send ;
But tarry, for the hour is nigh ;
Lo ! I am with you to the end."

4 Thus while He blessed them, they saw
A cloud that caught Him from their view;
The heavens received Him;—dumb with awe,
They gaz'd, they worshipp'd, and withdrew.

5 Such was *that* parting ;—here we meet
In fellowship of Christian love,
And sit as at our Master's feet,
And hear Him speaking from above.

6 Lord Jesus ! so Thy servants teach,
That when we from each other part,
Our lips and lives to all may preach
The gospel graven on our heart.

HYMN CXXXVI.

The Descent of the Spirit.—Acts, ii. 1–4.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power;
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Gifts.—1 Cor. xiii.

1 Could I command with voice or pen
The tongues of Angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me
Without the grace of Charity.

2 Could I the martyr's flame endure,
Give all my goods to feed the poor;
Had I the faith from Alpine steep
To hurl the mountain to the deep,
What were such zeal, such power to me
Without the grace of Charity?

3 Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future as the things gone by;
Could I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span,
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—Charity.

4 Charity suffers long, is kind,
Charity bears a humble mind,
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all;
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

5 The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,

Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought,
But Charity shall never fail,
Her anchor is within the veil.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Barnabas.—Acts, xi. 22–26.

1 Of him the sacred record saith,
He was a good man, full of faith,
Who by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoiced to see the Gospel spread :—

2 Spread by the Saints where'er they went
From martyrdom to banishment ;
The cross through every region bore,
And more oppress'd, prevail'd the more.

3 From doom'd Jerusalem cast forth,
Eastward and westward, south and north,
On fertile field, and barren clod,
They sow'd the seed, the Word of God.

4 To heathen Antioch, when they came,
And first received their Master's name,
They gloried in it, and bequeath'd
The inheritance to all that breathed :—

5 To all that breathed by second birth,
Children of God, though sons of earth,
For "Christians," Christians such shall be
Till time becomes eternity.

6 Well then might Barnabas rejoice,
And aid the work with heart and voice,
For though by earth and hell assail'd,
The truth grew mighty and prevail'd.

7 Ye faithful souls, from age to age,
Transmit your heavenly heritage,
Christ's easy yoke with meekness wear,
And bear His cross whose name ye bear :—

8 That all the living, in that day,
When Heaven and Earth must pass away,
Redeem'd from sin, through grace restored,
May be caught up to meet the LORD.

HYMN CXXXIX.

The universal Church.—Isa. lxvi. 12, 23.

1 THUS saith the LORD,—"My Church, to thee
Peace, like a river, I will send ;
The Gentiles, in a stream, shall see
My mercy flowing without end.

2 The isles, that never heard my fame,
Nor knew the glory of my might,
They shall be taught to fear my name,
Call'd out of darkness into light.

3 And it shall come to pass, that vows
From sabbath unto sabbath-day,
From moon to moon, in mine own house,
All nations, tribes, and tongues shall pay."

HYMN CXL.

The Lord's Prayer.—II.

1 Our Heavenly Father! hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To Thee all nations bow:
Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

2 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity,
Forgive as we forgive;
From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend,
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

3 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through Him we come to Thee, and say
All for His sake be done!

HYMN CXLI.

The good Providence of the Lord.—Ps. cxlvi.

1 Praise ye the Lord, from pole to pole!
Praise thou the Lord, my soul, my soul!
Long as I live, my voice shall raise,
My pulse repeat, the song of praise.

2 In men, in princes, put no trust:
Their breath goes forth, they turn to dust;
Then, fleeting as the flower of grass,
Perish their thoughts, their glories pass.

3 Thrice happy he whose heart can say,
"The God of Jacob is my stay:
The Lord of hosts my help shall be,
Who made the heaven, the earth, the sea."

4 The Lord avenges the opprest,
He sends the wandering stranger rest;
The Lord unbinds the prisoner's chain,
He sets the fallen up again.

5 The Lord restores the blind to sight,
Gives strength to them that have no might;
The Lord relieves in their distress
The widow and the fatherless.

6 The Lord supplies the poor with food,
He loves to do the righteous good;
But for the wicked, in his wrath,
He turns destruction on their path.

7 The Lord shall reign for evermore,
Thy King, O Zion!—Him adore;
Let unborn generations raise
To God, thy God, the song of praise.

HYMN CXLII.

Providence and Grace.

1 LORD of all power and might!
All want and weakness we,
For food and raiment, life and light,
Daily look up to Thee.

2 Thy providence commands
The blessing from above
Upon the labours of our hands,
And offices of love.

3 When low by sickness brought,
Through frailty of the flesh,
Amidst the travail of our thought,
Thy comforts us refresh.

4 In darkness though we stray,
Where tempted saints have trod,
'Tis good for us, like them to stay
Our souls upon our GOD.

5 In Thee we live and move,
And have our being still;
So teach Thou us to know and prove,
To choose and do Thy will.

6 Thy word, which cannot fail,
Thy strength, in weakness shown,
Thy grace, which ever must prevail,
Shall make Thy glory known.

7 That glory be our aim,
Our hope and crown of joy ;
And to extol Thy holy name,
Our first, last, sole employ.

HYMN CXLIII.

The Lighthouse.

1 The lighthouse founded on a rock,
Casts o'er the flood its radiant eye,
Firm amidst ocean's heaviest shock,
Serene beneath the stormiest sky.

2 Though winds and waters rage and foam,
Though darkness lowers like Egypt's night,
Here peace and safety find a home ;
In this small Goshen there is light.

3 Nor for itself it stands alone,
The seaman's friend, it shines from far,
As though an angel from the throne
Came down to be his leading star.

4 It warns to shun the breakers near,
Smooth into port the vessel guides,
Points where a wider course to steer,
Shows how to 'scape conflicting tides.

5 Thus built upon eternal truth,
High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,
Christ's Church holds forth to age and youth
A beacon and a sanctuary.

6 Light, peace, and safety dwell within,
Abroad its sunbright beams display,
Clear from the rocks and shoals of sin,
Through life and death, the one good way.

HYMN CXLIV.

Choosing the Better Part.

1 The one thing needful be our choice,
To sit at our Redeemer's feet;
And meekly hearken to His voice,
That still small voice divinely sweet.

2 Divinely sweet, and yet of power
To quell the tempest, calm the waves,
And even in His expiring hour
To rend the rocks, unclose the graves.

3 "Come unto me, all ye that mourn,
Weary, hard laden, sore opprest;
Your griefs and sorrows I have borne,
O come, and I will give you rest!"

4 For us heaven's glory He forsook;
To seek and save the lost he came;
Himself our feeble nature took,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,

5 And shall we not for Him forsake
Earth's toys, sin's bondage, Satan's snare,
His cross, an easy yoke, to take,
His shame, a burthen light, to bear?

6 Ah! then be ours that better part,
Which Mary chose, His words to hear,
And hide as treasures in our heart,
Dearer than life itself is dear.

HYMN CXLV.

God's merciful Guardianship of his People.—Ps. xci.

1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismay'd:
There no tumult shall alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee;
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow,
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Only with thine eyes the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly:

Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
GOD, thine hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

4 He shall charge his angel legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep :
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread,
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the Serpent's head.

5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on GOD hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

HYMN CXLVI.

Acknowledgment that Divine Providence chooses our Lot.

1 FATHER of lights ! from whom alone,
All good and perfect gifts descend ;
To Thee our utmost wants are known,
To us Thy benefits extend.

2 Thy power, thy wisdom, and thy grace
Bestow'd our being, life, and breath,
Fix'd our condition, time and place,
The moment of our birth—our death.

3 Though poor our lot, Thou didst not leave
Thy children in their low estate,
In helpless misery to grieve,
Or frolic on the brink of fate.

4 Thy servants took us by the hand,
Led to the school, the church, and Thee ;
Surely in Britain's chosen land,
A goodly heritage have we.

5 O may we know in this our day,
The things of our eternal peace !
From strength to strength pursue our way ;
In faith and holiness increase.

6 Still with long suffering, goodness, truth,
Conduct us through this vale of tears ;
With loving-kindness guard our youth,
With tender mercies crown our years.

HYMN CXLVII.

Change and Progress in Nature and Grace.

1 A RACE on earth, a race we run,
And hold a prize in view,
More bright than if we chased the sun
Through heaven's eternal blue.

2 Changes we prove, and vanish soon,—
Changes from youth to age,—
Transient as those that shape the moon
On her brief pilgrimage.

3 Like constellations on their way,
That meet the morning light,
We travel up to higher day,
We pass through deeper night.

4 Their tasks the heavenly hosts fulfil,
Ere long to shine their last ;
We, if we do our Father's will,
Shall shine when they are past.

5 Knit like the social stars in love,
Fair as the moon, and clear
As yonder sun, enthroned above,
Christians through life appear.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Prayer for Power to give our Hearts to God.

1 "My Son, give me thine heart, and let
Thine eyes observe my ways ! "
Our hearts are Thine, we own the debt—
Happy the child that pays !

2 But Lord ! we cannot give, unless
Thou take what is Thine own ;
Come, then, our conquer'd hearts possess,
In each erect Thy throne.

3 There wield Thy sceptre, Prince of Peace,
With kind and gentle sway,
And may Thy kingdom still increase,
While Satan's falls away.

4 Where sin abounded, there let grace
Abound yet more and more,
Till life and freedom take the place
Of bonds and death before.

5 Thy word our law, Thy will our choice,
Thy fear all fear expel;
Thy joy our strength, let us rejoice
With joy unspeakable.

6 And O! to make us wholly thine,
Thy perfect love impart;
Thus warm, illumine, raise, refine,
And hallow every heart.

HYMN CXLIX.

The fellowship of those who fear the Lord.—Malachi iii. 16–18; iv. 1.

1 When those who fear'd the Lord of old
Met oft, and spoke with one accord,
A book was written, and enroll'd
Their faithful names before the Lord.

2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,
And as a signet on my hand,
A crown of glory for my head,
Among my chosen jewels stand.

3 And I will spare them in that day,
Even as a father spares his son,
When all the proud are swept away,
The wicked, root and branch, undone.

4 Then shall my righteousness be shown;
Then, by their good or evil lot,
The sinner and the saint be known,
Who served the LORD, *who* served Him not.

5 LORD, we are taught Thy name to fear,
O may we tremble to offend;
LORD, we are taught to serve Thee here,
May we be faithful to the end.

6 Our names are on Thy Church's rolls,
But in Thy book our pardon write:
Rich was the ransom of our souls,
May they be precious in Thy sight.

HYMN CL.

Reception into Church-Fellowship.—I.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the LORD,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our Friend, our Brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee;
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
(Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,)
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burthen share,
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As GOD to us hath done,
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when by turns we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

HYMN CLI.

Reception into Church Fellowship.—II.

1 HEAD of Thy Church, her glorious Head
Bought with Thy blood upon the tree,
The fulness of Thy blessing shed
On Thine assembled family.

2 For Thee, accounting all things loss,
This evil world we would forsake,
And glorying only in Thy cross,
Thy joy and sufferings both partake.

3 Oh! gather in, from east to west,
From north to south, oh! gather in
Thine own elect, and give them rest,
Within Thy sanctuary, from sin.

4 Him whom we now as Thine receive,
Thyself confess before the throne;
So may he with the heart believe,
And live and die to Thee alone.

5 On him in loving-kindness look,
And while his name we here record,
Inscribe it in Thine own blest Book
Among the ransom'd of the LORD.

HYMN CLII.

Symbols of Christian Fellowship.

1 UNION of faith, and hope, and love,
Union of heart, and soul, and mind,
Affections fix'd on things above,
As one on earth, GOD'S children bind.

2 Stones, built on CHRIST, the corner stone,
A spiritual temple, lo! they rise,
While sweet ascends, before the throne,
Praise in perpetual sacrifice.

3 Branches in CHRIST, the one true Vine,
Nourish'd by Him alone they thrive;
From Him the leaf, the fruit, the wine,
Each in its season, all derive.

4 Members of CHRIST, the Church's head,
Who lives Himself through every limb,
To sin, the world, and Satan dead,
Their life in GOD is hid with Him.

5 Thus young and old, thus great and small,
O might their multitude increase!—
Who CHRIST their Lord and Master call,
Whate'er their lot—in Him have peace.

HYMN CLIII.

Fellow Travellers on Heaven's Highway.

1 COME on, companions of our way,
Who travel to eternal day
Through this poor world of night;
Give to the LORD, in noble songs,
The praise that to His name belongs,
As children of the light.

2 Call'd out of darkness, by His voice,
Be that clear shining path our choice,
Which CHRIST our captain trod!
Whether with flowers and fragrance crown'd,
Or thorns and thistle interwound,
It leads the soul to GOD.

3 Though pilgrims in a vale of woes,
Thick-strown with snares, and throng'd with foes;
Since JESUS journey'd through,

Plant but your steps where his have prest
The ground once curst,—that ground now blest
Is heaven's highway for you.

4 To heaven, to heaven then march we on,
Go where our conquering LORD hath gone!
Thus where He *is*, shall we
In joy behold Him face to face,
And, changed by glorifying grace,
Resemble Him we see.

HYMN CLIV.

Christian Union symbolized by Natural Objects.

1 FREE, though in chains, the mountains stand,
The valleys link'd run through the land;
In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their strength derive.

2 The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
In choirs and concerts sing the birds;
Insects by millions ply the wing,
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.

3 All nature is society,
All nature's voices harmony,
All colours blend to form pure light,—
Why then should Christians not unite?

4 Thus to the Father pray'd the Son,
"One may they be as We are one,

That I in them, and Thou in me,
They one with Us may ever be."

5 Children of God! combine your bands;
Brethren in CHRIST! join hearts and hands,
And pray,—for so the Father will'd,
That the Son's prayer may be fulfill'd:—

6 Fulfill'd in you, fulfill'd in all,
That on the name of JESUS call,
And every covenant of love
They bind on earth be bound above.

HYMN CLV.

The Bond of the Communion of Saints.

1 THE grace of JESUS CHRIST our LORD,
The Father's love, with sweet accord,
The Holy Ghost's communion be
Our bond of peace and amity.

2 Our fellowship on earth begun,
Be with the Father and the Son;
And may the Holy Spirit's might,
Our souls as one man's soul, unite.

3 Then to the church, the Saviour's pride,
Our hearts' affections be allied;
And these, like His, the sinner's friend,
To all for whom He died, extend.

4 So may we, like the Saints above,
Live in an element of love,

And every fruit in season show,
Of Faith, Hope, Charity below.

5 Till, as these frames return to dust,
Our reasoning souls among the just,
Shall with the LORD our GOD be found,
In life's eternal bundle bound.

HYMN CLVI.

Working the Works of God.

1 WORK while it is to-day!
This was our Saviour's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in His school.

2 We, as He did, should do,
Who practised what he taught;
By precept and example too
Our master spake and wrought.

3 To work the works of GOD,
Was His divine employ,
And we must tread the path He trod,
Or enter not His joy.

4 The night will come full soon,
Life's day with morn may end;
While many a sun goes down ere noon
Few to their west descend.

5 LORD, CHRIST, we humbly ask
Of Thee the power and will,

With fear and meekness, every task
Of duty to fulfil.

6 Our own salvation be
Our first and constant aim,
Then far and wide, o'er land and sea,
Glad tidings to proclaim.

7 At home by word and deed,
Adorn redeeming grace,
And sow abroad the precious seed
Of truth in every place.

8 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.

9 For Thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

HYMN CLVII.

Heaven in Prospect.

1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,

And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and LORD of LORDS!"

4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

5 Who were these?—On earth they dwelt;
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

HYMN CLVIII.

"*Valiant for the Truth.*"

1 FIGHT the good fight; lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.

2 No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,

Truth's champion can compel,
However press'd, to flight;
Invincible upon the field,
He cannot fall, unless he yield.

3 Apollyon's arm may shower
Darts thick as hail, and hide
Heaven's face, as in the hour,
When CHRIST on Calvary died;
No powers of darkness in the field
Can tread thee down, unless thou yield.

4 Trust in thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like Him in fight,
By dying conquer death;
And all-victorious in the field,
Then with thy sword, thy spirit yield.

5 Great words are these, and strong
Yet LORD, I look to Thee,
To whom alone belong
Valour and victory;
With Thee, my Captain in the field,
I must prevail, I cannot yield.

HYMN CLIX.

For Spiritual Help and Health.

1 LORD! give us ears to hear
What Thy good Spirit saith,
With reverence and with godly fear,
With meekness and with faith;

That so, the joyful sound,
Our willing minds may learn,
And, where iniquities abound,
Things excellent discern.

2 LORD, give us eyes to see
The wonders of Thy Law,
Its justice, truth, and purity;
That touch'd with holy awe,
Conscience no longer dumb,
Sin's guilt and curse may own;
Then from the storm of wrath to come,
Cling to the Cross alone.

3 LORD, give us hearts to feel
The bliss of pardoning love,
The Spirit's witness, and the seal
Of sonship from above;
So shall our lips express,
So in our actions shine,
The beauty of true holiness,
The proof that we are Thine.

HYMN CLX.

The Change of Heart.

1 WHAT is our life?—a breath, a span,
A spark struck out, then lost in night;
Amidst Thy works, LORD, what is man,
That Thou in him shouldst take delight?

2 Thou self-existent, Thou alone,
Father of endless ages art!

Earth is Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne,
Yet scorn'st Thou not a broken heart.

3 That drear and desolate domain,
By evil spirits long possest,
Will bloom like Eden in Thy reign
Of love and joy, of peace and rest.

4 Oh! wouldst Thou deign to visit mine,
With Thy sweet presence fill the place,
How would that new creation shine
With all the glory of Thy grace!

5 Then life no more a breath would be,
A span, a spark, absorb'd in night,
Life would be immortality,
And darkness everlasting light.

HYMN CLXI.

The Good Shepherd and His Flock.

1 To-day the Lord our Shepherd leads
To living streams His little flock,
In green and flowery pastures feeds,
And shades at noon beneath the rock.

2 To-day we hear our Shepherd's voice,
And gladly answer to His call;
For Him, unseen, our hearts rejoice,
Who knows, and names, and loves us all

3 Far from His fold we went astray;
The howling wilderness He cross'd,

From Satan pluck'd us as a prey,
Nor spared Himself to save the lost.

4 Beneath His eye no vain alarms,
No ravening wolves our walks infest ;
The lambs He gathers in His arms,
And bears the feeble on His breast.

5 By Him conducted, though we tread
Death's valley, darkening on the view,
No evil there our spirits dread,
His rod and staff will guard us through.

6 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
And small and great before Him stand,
Oh ! be the flock, assembling here,
Found with the sheep on His right hand.

HYMN CLXII.

Watch and Pray.—Mark. xiv. 38.

1 Our Saviour's words are "Watch and Pray :"
Lord, make us willing to obey ;
Lord, make us able to fulfil
Thy counsel—give both power and will.

2 The wisdom from above impart,
To keep our hand, and tongue, and heart,
In thought, word, deed,—that so we may
Pray whilst we watch, watch while we pray

3 Lest while we watch, and fear no snare,
We fall into neglect of prayer ;

Or, while we pray, and watch not, sin
Creep like a subtil serpent in.

4 When by an evil world beset,
Allurements smile, or terrors threat,
Well may we watch our Master's eye,
And pray for faith to fight or fly.

5 Our strength be His Omnipotence,
His truth our sole and sure defence,
His grace will aid the feeble saint
To watch and pray, and never faint.

6 For He who hath commanded thus,
Oft watch'd and pray'd on earth for us;
And still with interceding love,
Watches and prays for us above.

HYMN CLXIII.

Grace and Glory.

1 The Lord will grace and glory give
To those who humbly seek His face;
We live for glory while we live,
And seek it in the paths of grace,

For grace is glory here begun,
And till the heavenly prize is won,
The Christian finds, through all his race,
That grace is glory, glory grace,

HYMN CLXIV.

The Christian Graces.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 Faith, Hope, and Charity,—these three,
Yet is the greatest Charity!
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart:—

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for "God is love."

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form:—

4 But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

HYMN CLXV.

Christ in various Characters.

1 Father! reveal Thy Son in me,
To my soul's eye, unclouded;
The fulness of the Deity,
In mortal semblance shrouded,
When, for a Name o'er every Name,
He bore the Cross, despised the shame,
And rose—the World's Redeemer.

2 Him then as mine, may I confess,
With all my powers adore Him,
And, as the LORD my Righteousness,
Most humbly walk before Him,
Hail Him, mine Advocate, on high
Extol His Priesthood, and rely
Upon His sole atonement.

3 All things for Him, may I forsake ;
In poverty and weakness,
His gentle burthen on me take,
And wear His yoke with meekness ;
So shall I find in labour rest,
In suffering, peace,—of Christ possess'd
In me the hope of glory.

HYMN CLXVI.

Renewal in the Image of Christ.

1 DUST and ashes, sin and guilt,—
CHRIST, for me Thy blood was spilt ;
Cleanse Thou me from guilt and sin,
Make me pure without, within ;
Soul and body, at Thy word,
Be to saving health restored.

Flesh and blood, this mortal frame ;
Thou wert pleased to wear the same ;
Though Thy nature was divine,
Thou didst condescend to mine ;
Let me, for Thy mercy's sake,
Thy divinity partake.

3 From the ruins of the fall,
Me to grace and glory call:
Me, O LORD my Righteousness!
With Thine image re-impress;
Thou didst stoop to earth for me;
Raise me up to heaven with Thee.

HYMN CLXVII.

The Walk of Faith.

1 HUMBLY, my GOD, with Thee I walk,
And sweet communion hold;
With Thee in my soul's silence talk,
And all my heart unfold.

2 But what a heart for Thee to look
Into its depths, and read,
As in the volume of a book,
The thoughts which thence proceed!

3 Its vain imaginations, vain
Affections and desires,
Its thirst for glory, grandeur, gain,
False hopes, false fears, false fires:—

4 These would I not from Thee conceal,
Nor thus myself deceive;
No, grant me, LORD, my sins to feel,
To feel them and to grieve:—

5 Grieve, and with penitence confess,
Till Thou art pleased to show
Mercy on my unrighteousness,
And give me joy for woe.

6 How blest my lot no tongue can tell,
If such my walk might be,
As seeing Thee, invisible,
For ever seeing me.

HYMN CLXVIII.

The Surrender of the Heart.

1 Upon Thine altar, Lord, I lay
My poor, my only sacrifice ;
Thou wilt not turn Thy face away,
Wilt not a broken heart despise.

2 Though hard as stone, cold as the clod,
Mine,—for Thy tender mercies sake,
Not with the vengeance of Thy rod,
But by thy loving-kindness break,

3 Break it, and bind it, wound and heal,
Yea kill to make alive again ;
Impress it with Thy Spirit's seal,
The sacrifice were perfect then :—

4 Perfect, yet all unworthy still :
But while in Jesus I believe,
Who came on earth to do Thy will,
From His dear hands my gift receive.

5 Receive it, with His blood bedew'd,
Receive it, offer'd with His prayers,
And, in Thine image thus renew'd,
Enroll me with Thy kingdom's heirs.

HYMN CLXIX.

Self-Knowledge.

1 Thine eye, Lord God, alone can see
The soul through every secret part ;
The mystery of iniquity
Hid in the hollow of man's heart.

2 Myself unto myself reveal,
Light let me see in Thy pure light ;
The eye of unbelief unseal,
Change doubt to faith, and faith to sight :

3 By inward vision to discern
The misery of my fall'n estate,
And from that sad disclosure learn
Life's hardest lesson, ere too late :—

4 Life's hardest lesson, but its best !
The source of all my ills to trace
Through the dark windings of my breast,
Or in the world's deceitful face.

5 How long, how far on pilgrimage
To Zion have I feign'd to go,
Yet went astray at every stage,
Snared or smit down by every foe !

6 Now, a poor way-worn traveller,
With slower speed, and failing strength
At every step I fear to err,
And be a cast-away at length.

7 Thou Light, that lightenest every one
Who toils through this bewildering path,
Shine on my soul, that I may shun
The broad, dark, downward road to wrath.

8 So let that narrow path be mine,
Which, level as the morning ray,
Like it, shall upward tend, and shine,
From earth's faint dawn to heaven's full day.

HYMN CLXX.

Self-discoveries.

1 Lord, when we search the human heart,
We find a fallen world within ;
There is no health in any part,
Sin reigns throughout, and death by sin.

2 Large provinces are pagan still,
Where other lords dominion share ;
Idols of mind, affection, will,
The Power of darkness triumphs there.

3 Here, the false prophet's wild domains,
Where Lust, and Cruelty, and Hate,
With baleful passions fire the veins,
And seal the conscience up in fate.

4 'Midst all, the stubborn, stiff-neck'd Jew,
Blind, like his kindred, prone to roam,
Denies the Saviour whom he slew,
Mammon his God, and earth his home.

5 The smallest portion of the whole
Some beams of heavenly truth pervade ;
Slowly the day-spring o'er the soul
Breaks through the fogs of nature's shade.

6 I know a bosom, which within
Contains the world's sad counterpart ;
'Tis here,—the reign of death and sin ;
O GOD ! evangelize my heart !

7 Then will I strive through earth's whole round,
Thy name, Thy knowledge to diffuse ;
And send the Gospel's joyful sound
To Pagans, Infidels, and Jews.

8 From Christian hearts divinely changed,
Were the world's likeness thus to part,
That world, from GOD no more estranged,
Would soon be like the Christian's heart.

HYMN CLXXI.

I have sinned against the Lord."—2 Sam. xii. 13.

1 I LEFT the GOD of truth and light,
I left the GOD who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.

2 Sweet was His service, and His yoke
Was light and easy to be borne ;
Through all His bands of love I broke,
I cast away His gifts with scorn.

3 I danced in folly's giddy maze,
And drank the sea, and chased the wind;
But falsehood lurk'd in all her ways,
Her laughter left remorse behind.

4 I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head;
But serpents hiss'd among the flowers;
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

5 In riches, when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gain my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure—fleeting dust.

6 I woo'd ambition, climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars,—but fell,
Headlong in all my pride of soul,
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.

7 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance! from thy frown—
Eternal Justice! from thine eye?

8 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In JESUS' reconciling face.

9 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to Thee,
I claim acceptance on Thy word,
My GOD! my GOD! forsake not me.

10 Prostrate before the mercy seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at Thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

HYMN CLXXII.

In great Tribulation.

1 God! be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge springs:
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till this storm is overpast.

2 From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, Thine arm Almighty take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake;
If Thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke will break my heart.

3 Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope and strength and courage fail;
Turn not from Thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

4 Poor and sorrowful am I,
Set me, O my God! on high:
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

HYMN CLXXIII.

"*O save me for thy mercies' sake.*"—Ps. vi. 4.

1 Mercy alone can meet my case ;
For mercy, Lord, I cry ;
Jesus ! Redeemer ! show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save ;
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave ;
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just ;
But wilt thou leave me ? No :
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust,
I will not let Thee go.

4 Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
And ever must abide ;
Behold it written on Thy hands,
And graven in Thy side.

5 To this, this only, will I cleave,
Thy word is all my plea ;
Thy word is truth, and I believe :
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

HYMN CLXXIV.

The Assurance of Hope.—Isaiah, liv. 10.

1 "THE mountains shall depart,
The hills shall be removed,
Faithful, O LORD! Thou art,
Faithful hast ever proved,
And faithful to eternity,
Thy word of promise stands to me.

2 "That blessed word I prove,
I know Thee as Thou art;
Thy kindness will not move,
Nor can Thy truth depart;
With me, Thy covenant of peace
Is seal'd, is sure, and shall not cease."

3 Thus may the mourner say
In the dark hour of grief,
When the first trembling ray
Of comfort darts relief
Into the dungeon of his soul,
Till love, joy, peace, illume the whole.

4 Down, then, the dungeon falls,
A palace straight upsprings,
Salvation guards the walls,
And lo! the King of kings
Enters with all his glorious train,
For ever in that soul to reign.

HYMN CLXXV.

The first of all the Commandments.—Mark, xii. 30.

1 I WILL love the LORD ; for He
From eternity loved me ;
I will love the LORD, who gave
His own Son my soul to save,
And sends down, in love divine,
His good Spirit to strive with mine.

2 I will love the Son ; for He
Loved, and gave Himself for me ;
I will love Him on his cross,
And for Him count all things loss ;
I will love Him on his throne,
When I know as I am known.

3 I will love the Spirit ; for He
Deigns in love to dwell with me ;
I will love Him on my knees,
Helping mine infirmities,
Till my joyful lips record
"Abba, Father!" "JESUS, LORD!"

4 Thee, o'er all for ever blest,
One, true, only GOD confest,
I would love, with heart and mind,
Soul and strength ;—but what can bind,
O my GOD! my love to thee!
This alone, Thy love to me.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Earnest Supplication, under Trials of Faith.—Ps. cxliii.

1 Hear me, O Lord! in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness;
For, at Thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

2 Lord! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

3 These, these, my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight,
Crush'd is my heart, and desolate.

4 Yet in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

5 Ah! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like fainting streams through desert sands;
I thirst for thee, as harvest plains,
Parch'd by the summer, thirst for rains.

6 O let me not thus hopeless lie
Like one condemn'd at morn to die;
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving kindness visit me.

7 Teach me Thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone,
By Thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's Hill.

8 Release my soul from trouble, LORD,
Quicken and keep me by Thy word ;
May all its promises be mine !
Thou art my portion,—I am Thine.

HYMN CLXXVII.

For Peace of Mind.—Job, xxiii. 3, 4, 10, 16.

1 O THAT I knew where I might find
My righteous Judge's seat,
To pour out all my troubled mind
In prayer before His feet !

2 Not with the thunder of Thy power
Wouldst Thou against me plead ;
No, Thy good Spirit, in that hour,
For me would intercede.

3 For me, Thy Son Himself would pray,
Thy well-beloved Son ;
Father ! Thou couldst not turn away
From Thine anointed One.

4 Thine own unutterable grace,
Thy love,—Thy love to me,
Constrain me thus to seek Thy face,
And cast my cares on Thee.

5 Hear, then the voice of my desire,
My griefs, my fears behold ;
Search me and try me, as with fire,
And bring me forth like gold.

6 LORD ! thou hast troubled my repose,
Thy chastisements I feel ;
Thine hand hath touch'd my heart—it glows,
It melts,—impress Thy seal.

7 Stamp Thine own Image on my soul,
Lift from the dust mine head ;
LORD ! Thou hast wounded,—make me whole ;
Hast slain,—now raise the dead.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

In Bereavement.

1 LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul !
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the shades of evening roll,
And daylight beauty dies ;
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

2 Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And frailty would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there.

First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

HYMN CLXXIX.

In Affliction.

1 "FATHER! Thy will, not mine, be done!"
So pray'd on earth Thy suffering Son;
So, in His Name I pray:
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak;
Thy help in agony I seek;
O! take this cup away.

2 If such be not Thy Sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;
My wishes I resign,
Into Thine hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

HYMN CLXXX.

Surrender of all to God.

1 BODY and soul to Thee I give,
As a thank-offering free,
Living,—to Thee, My GOD, to live,
Dying,—to die to Thee.

2 Then shall my tongue confess
The virtue of Thy name,
My heart believe to righteousness,
My life Thy love proclaim.

3 Yea, death itself shall be
My passport of release,
And the grave's vaunted victory,
The sign and seal of peace,—

4 The end of mortal strife ;
In JESUS I shall sleep,
Who, till I wake to endless life,
My soul will safely keep.

5 Sing—blessed are the dead,
Who from their labours rest,
Through Him who was their life, their head,
Of perfect bliss possest.

HXMN CLXXXI.

A Complaint.

1 IN spirit when I took my flight
Above the mount, to see
My LORD, transfigured in the light
Of His own Deity :—

2 I cried, not knowing what I said,
"'Tis good to tarry here !"
But, when the heavenly vision fled,
Transport gave way to fear.

3 No longer counting all things loss,
To glory in His name,
I thought it hard to bear the cross,
Hard to despise the shame.

4 Ah! thus, my soul, it should not be;
Lord Jesus! hear my prayer;
Give me a heart to follow Thee
All times, and every where.

5 Let but Thy presence with me go,
Thy love be my delight,
Then shall I walk, through weal or woe,
By faith, and not by sight.

HYMN CLXXXII.

An After-Thought.

1 I cannot call affliction sweet,
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to Thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My weanèd soul was all-resign'd
To Thy most gracious will;
Oh! had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Where are the vows which then I vow'd,
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanish'd, like the morning cloud,
These like the early dew.

4 LORD, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My GOD is all to me!"

HYMN CLXXXIII.

The Prisoner of the Lord.

(A Sabbath Meditation in a Sick Chamber.)

1 THOUSANDS, O LORD of Hosts! this day,
Around Thine altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.

2 They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

4 For Thou art in their midst to teach
When on Thy name they call,
And Thou hast blessings, LORD, for each,—
Hast blessings, LORD, for all.

5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
Oh! hast not Thou a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?

6 The dew lies thick on all the ground ;
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around ;
Shall I of hunger die ?

7 Behold Thy prisoner ;—loose my bands,
If 'tis Thy gracious will :
If not,—contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still !

8 I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art ;
Lord, consecrate an house of prayer
In my surrender'd heart.

9 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold ;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

10 Oh ! make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease ;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me,—and give me peace.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

Despondency.

1 Him wilt Thou keep in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stay'd on Thee ;
Me, Lord, from pining care release,
And vain perplexity.

2 'Tis not the bleeding wounds of grief,
Whose anguish I bemoan ;
An evil heart of unbelief,
A cold, hard heart of stone ;—

3 O'er this, in loneliness, I wake,
And darkness to be felt,
Since Sinai's thunders cannot break,
Nor Calvary's sufferings melt.

4 Uncheer'd with hopes, unawed by fears,
All comfort banish'd hence,
O for a burst of contrite tears !
A pang of penitence !

5 O for one grain of saving faith,
Upspringing in my breast !
"Come unto Me," my Saviour saith,
"And I will give thee rest.

6 I hear, I know the joyful sound ;
I fly that call to meet,
And find, what all who sought have found
Rest at His blessed feet.

HYMN CLXXXV.

Despondency Self-Corrected.—Ps. lxxvii.

1 In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries,
With humble supplication
To Thee my spirit flies :

My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain ;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view ;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew ;
Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath GOD cast off for ever ?
Can time His truth impair ?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share ?
Hath He His loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath ?
No ;—this is my own blindness,
That cannot see His path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of His right hand,
And, strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand :
Thy deeds, O LORD ! are wonder,
Holy are all Thy ways,
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O GOD ! the billows saw ;

They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turn'd, and stood still with awe:
The clouds shot hail—they lighten'd,
The earth reel'd to and fro;
The fiery pillar brighten'd
The gulph of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone:
Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And Thy redeem'd pass o'er.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

The Image of God.

1 Father of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me:
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.

2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-resign'd
To Thy will,—Thy will be done;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with JESUS on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my GOD!

HYMN CLXXXVII.

Prayer for Humility.—Ps. cxxxi.

1 LORD, for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd,
Thou hast spoken;—I believe
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the LORD JEHOVAH trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

Psalm. cix. 21.; Micah, vi. 9.

1 SWEET is Thy mercy, O my GOD!
When humbled at Thy feet,
I learn the lessons of Thy rod,
Thy mercy, LORD, is sweet.

2 For Thou dost not in wrath chastise,
But when I go astray,
"Return," a voice behind me cries,
"Walk here;—this is the way."

3 Impatient of Thine easy yoke,
If heedless yet I roam,
Some sharp affliction, with a stroke
Of kindness, warns me home.

4 That godly sorrow then I feel,
Which nothing can control,
Until the hand that wounded, heal,
That bruised me, make me whole.

5 As, at Thy word, the winds and waves
From ocean-warfare cease;
That word my soul from shipwreck saves,
Thy presence brings me peace.

6 "Sweet is Thy mercy, O my GOD!"
'Tis trasport to repeat,
When Thou hast thrown aside the rod,
"Thy mercy, LORD, is sweet!"

HYMN CLXXXIX.

Trust in the Lord.

1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
"The Lord will give thee peace."

HYMN CXC.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance from Trouble.—Ps. xxx.

1 Yea, I will extol Thee
Lord of life and light,
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turn'd my foes to flight:
I implored Thy succour,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

2 Sing, ye saints, sing praises !
Call His love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind ;
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

3 In my wealth I vaunted,
"Nought shall move me hence ;
Thou hast made my mountain,
Strong in Thy defence : "—
Then Thy face was hidden,
Trouble laid me low,
"LORD," I cried right humbly,
"Why forsake me so ? "

4 "Would my blood appease Thee,
In atonement shed ?
Can the dust give glory ?—
Praise employ the dead ?
Hear me, LORD, in mercy,
GOD, my Helper, hear."
—Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

5 Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free :
Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore,
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Laud for evermore.

HYMN CXCI.

"*Lovest thou Me?*—John, xxi. 15—17.

1 "LOVEST thou Me?" I hear my Saviour say;
Would that my heart had power to answer
"*Yea*,"
Thou knowest all things, LORD, in heaven
above,
And earth beneath; Thou knowest that I
love."

2 But 'tis not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love Thee as I ought;
Thy love must give that power, *Thy* love
alone;
There's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine
own.

3 LORD, with the love wherewith Thou lovest
me,
Reflected on Thyself, I *would* love Thee;
Thence on my brethren shed, might it be seen
By all around, that I with Thee had been.

HYMN CXCII.

For Divine Protection on a Day's Journey.

1 I TAKE the journey of a day,
Thy sun, LORD, gives me light;
The moon and stars, Thy voice obey,
And watch me through the night.

2 For mercies every hour bestow'd
Unceasing thanks are due ;
Now, 'midst the dangers of the road,
Lord, bring me safely through.

3 Upheld by Thine Almighty arm,
And guided by Thine eye,
Storms cannot crush, nor lightnings harm,
Sickness nor plague come nigh.

4 Thou art Thy people's sun and shield,
Their glory and defence ;
All elements allegiance yield
To sovereign Providence.

5 But not in Providence alone
The Godhead's footsteps shine,
In grace are mightier wonders shown,
Of love and power divine.

6 As these thus far on pilgrimage,
My lengthen'd course attend,
So may they lead me stage by stage,
To mine appointed end.

7 When all my journeyings here must cease,
And life no more shall be ;
Lord, let me then depart in peace,
From every thing but Thee.

HYMN CXCIII.

Prayers on Pilgrimage.

I.

1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,

Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures,
Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3 If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

HYMN CXCIV.

Prayers on Pilgrimage.—"*Lord help me.*"—Matt. xv. 25.

II.

1 Blessed be Thy name,
Jesus Christ!—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
What from Thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

2 Guide me with Thine eye;
Warn to fight or fly,
When the foe, a lion raging,
Or, with serpent guile assuaging,
Comes in wrath to tear,
Or by fraud ensnare.

3 Hold me with Thine hand,
For by faith I stand;
On Thy strength my sole reliance,
In Thy truth my whole affiance;
Then where'er I roam,
I am travelling home.

4 Lord, Thy word is light;
Led by it aright,
When a pilgrim, like my Fathers,
Life's last shadow round me gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day.

5 With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,

From the body disencumber'd
With thy Saints in glory number'd,
JESUS, may I be
Found in peace with Thee.

HYMN CXCV.

The Heritage of the Lord's People.—Rev. xxi. 5—7.

1 "HE that overcomes through me,
Shall an heir of all things be,
I his GOD, and he My Son,"
Saith the True and Holy One.

2 What an heritage were this!
An eternity of bliss,
Heaven below and heaven above,
O the miracle of love!

3 "Abba! Father!" then might I
Through the Holy Spirit cry;
Heir of GOD, with CHRIST joint-heir,
Grace and glory call'd to share.

4 Can a worm such gifts receive?
Fear not, faint not, but believe,
He who gave His Son, shall He
Any good withhold from thee?

5 Know that thus the Father will'd,
Thus the Son His task fulfill'd,
That the Holy Ghost might thus
Dwell—the Deity in us.

6 Amen! true and faithful One,
So in me Thy work be done;
Into nothing let me fall,
Thou, my GOD, be all in all.

HYMN CXCVI.

For Divine Manifestations.

1 HID in the rock-cleft, let me stand,
While Thou art passing by,
But from the glory, with Thine hand,
LORD, screen me, or I die.

2 On Sinai Thy pavilion spread,
Speak from the fire to me,
If trembling I may turn my head
To noon-dark Calvary.

3 Come with the whirlwind, earthquake, flame,
Yet shall my soul rejoice,
To hear them follow'd by Thy name,
Told in the still small voice.

4 Be mercy mingled with the cup,
My Father gives to drink,
Lest over-sorrow swallow up
The spirit prone to sink.

5 And when, before the great white throne,
With all the human race,
I stand, as though I stood alone,
My GOD, may I find grace!

HYMN CXCVII.

The Believer's sure Trust.—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 Though the fig-tree's blossom fail,
And the vines should bring no fruit ;
Though the olive, smit with hail,
Cast its foliage round the root ;
Though the fields should yield no meat,
And the herds forsake the stall,
In the folds no flocks should bleat
At the shepherd's well-known call :—

2 Yet will I in God rejoice,
In Jehovah I will trust,
And extol, with heart and voice,
His salvation from the dust ;
He can raise my fallen head,
He can all my sickness cure ;
God will give His children bread,
And their water shall be sure.

HYMN CXCVIII.

The still small Voice.—2 Kings, xix. 11, 12.

1 The wind that brake the rocks, and rent
The mountains in its path ;
The earthquake and the fire that went
Before the Lord in wrath,
Came not as spoilers to the prey,
But heralds to prepare His way.

2 Himself the still small voice made known,
In all His power and grace;
So be to me his mercy shown,
Terror to love give place:
Than will I hide my face, and stay
To hear what GOD the LORD will say.

HYMN CXCIX.

Let Brotherly Love continue.—Ps. cxxxiii.

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the LORD commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From His unsparing hands—
Yea, life for evermore;
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

HYMN CC.

The Church Militant learning the Church Triumphant's Song.

1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng,
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church-triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeem'd above,
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."

5 "Worthy the Lamb!" on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?"

6 Then, Hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven!

HYMN CCI.

Psalm xcvi. 1, 2.

1 SING a new song unto the LORD ;
His mercies, every morning new,
His truth and faithfulness record ;
Give to our GOD the glory due.

2 GOD is the LORD ; around His throne
In heaven, adoring seraphim,
And ransom'd saints, ascribe alone
All power, might, majesty, to Him.

3 On earth His church impregnable,
Built on the rock of ages, stands,
And yet, against the gates of hell,
Shall send salvation through all lands.

4 Thou, by whose word the worlds were made,
In wisdom and in goodness framed,
By every creature be obey'd,
By every tongue Thy praise proclaim'd.

5 Let Britain's children, most of all
Beholden for their lot of grace,
Rejoice to hear their Saviour's call,
And seek their heavenly Father's face.

6 So the new song we now begin
Shall never cease while we have breath,
Through Him who suffer'd for our sin,
And by His death abolish'd death.

HYMN CCII.

For the Centenary Jubilee of a Christian Church.

1 Now in holy convocation,
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
In one hymn of jubilation,
To our great Redeemer's praise;
"Ebenezer!"
He hath led us all our ways.

2 "Ebenezer!" Those before us,
Sang at every onward stage;
This to-day shall swell the chorus
In our house of pilgrimage:
May our children
Sing the same from age to age!

3 So in heaven, when all the story
Of His love to us is shown,
Be our earliest song in glory,
"Ebenezer!" round the Throne;
While for ever,
We shall know as we are known.

HYMN CCIII.

The Lapse of Time.

1 Moments and minutes, hours and days,
To weeks, and months, and years amount;
Not one beyond its date delays:
For these we each must soon account.

2 How well, how ill, howe'er employ'd,
Our health, our strength, our talents lent ;
All we have suffer'd and enjoy'd,
In wisdom or in folly spent :—

3 The secret things in darkness seal'd,
All we have felt, thought, spoken, done ;
In heaven's pure light must be reveal'd,
When time's last act puts out the sun.

5 With every twinkling of an eye,
With every step, pulse, motion, breath ;
The longest human life draws nigh,
And nigher to the gates of death.

5 The past we never can recall,
The present none has power to hold ;
The future is not—few of all
The millions born on earth grow old.

6 What, then, are we, and whither bent ?
Our Saviour calls—let us obey ;
This moment, minute, hour, repent,
And live for ever from this day.

HYMN CCIV.

Mercies acknowledged.

1 Less than the least of all
Thy mercies, Lord are we ;
Yet, for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.

2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
Yet us Thou sparest still,
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,
Our righteousness fulfil.

3 For such amazing grace,
What can poor sinners give ?
At Thy command, we seek Thy face,
We meet our Judge, and live.

4 The world we would forsake,
Our all to Thee resign ;
O save us for Thy mercies sake !
O save us,—we are Thine !

5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve, with holy fear,
And love, with child-like love.

HYMN CCV.

Providence.

1 The tender mercies of our Lord,
And His long suffering grace,
The loving kindness of His word,
We every moment trace.

2 Our bread is given, our water sure,
Body and soul sustain'd,
O ! may we to the end endure,
Till heaven itself is gain'd !

HYMN CCVI.

The Family Altar.

1 Food, raiment, dwelling, health and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot ;
With Thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are Thine, or not.

2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our grateful spirits bow ;
Yet from Thy gifts we turn to Thee —
Be Thou our portion, Thou !

HYMN CCVII.

The Family Table.

1 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart ;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine ;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

HYMN CCVIII.

Morning.

I.

1 What secret hand, at morning-light,
By stealth, unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?

2 'Tis thine, my God ! the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis Thine,—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scatter'd round :
And clothes me, as the lily springs,
In beauty from the ground.

4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat ;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

5 In death's dark valley, though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with Thy staff my lonely way,
And with Thy rod defend.

6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to Thy holy Hill,
And to Thy dwelling place !

HYMN CCIX.

Morning.

II.

1 The blessing of a night's repose
Hath been vouchsafed to me:
Mine eyes from slumber I unclose,
And find myself with Thee.

2 The living, Lord! the living, they
Shall praise Thy name;—the dead
Are silenced till the judgment-day,
Each resting on his bed.

3 Had death's dark hand at midnight broke
The seal of life, and freed
My spirit from this earthly yoke,
Had I been free indeed?

4 Free from the flesh, and all its ills,
The world and Satan free,
To range the everlasting hills
In sinless liberty?

5 Or, having sold myself for nought,
For ever rue the cost,
Bound on the wheel of one dire thought,
"My soul, my soul is lost!"

6 O God! Thy people's hope of old,
Early I seek Thy face;
And bless Thy name that I behold
Another day of grace.

HYMN CCX.

Morning.

III.

1 My God, beneath Thy watching eye,
I laid me down and slept ;
Thy tender mercy, ever nigh,
In peace my spirit kept.

2 Under the shadow of Thy wings,
My weary limbs reposed,
And, undisturb'd by earthly things,
A day of labour closed.

3 Safe in Thine everlasting arms,
That compass'd me around,
Body and soul, from outward harms,
And inward fears were found.

4 Thus, till the morn in beauty broke,
My sleep was sweet to me ;
Thy voice then call'd me, I awoke,
And found myself with Thee.

5 Humbly beside my couch I knelt,
And while I strove to pray,
The earnest in my heart I felt
Of blessings through the day.

6 Oh ! oft, to cheer me, to and fro,
By restless passions driven,
Such nights of calm from care and woe,
Such days of hope be given.

HYMN CCXI.

Noon.

1 Full speed along the world's highway,
By crowds of eager travellers trod,
My soul, my soul, a moment stay,
To hold communion with thy God.

2 He spake with Abraham at the oak,
He call'd Elisha from the plough,
David He from the sheep-folds took;
Thy day, Thy hour of grace is now.

3 Earth, with thy vanities, depart!
My God, I stand alone with Thee;
Thine eye is looking on my heart;
Oh! what a noon is risen on me!

4 Struck to the ground, like conscious Saul,
And blinded with the sudden view,
Trembling, astonish'd, "Lord," I call,
"What wouldst Thou have Thy servant do?"

5 My sins, as fresh-committed, rise;
My secret sins, by darkness seal'd,
Before my Judge's flaming eyes,
Are all in naked guilt reveal'd.

6 Lord, lay Thine hand upon my head;
A touch, a word, will make me whole;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
Peace. pardon, comfort, to my soul.

6 Then, though I shudder at Thy sight,
Through Him who my offences bore,
In light, as GOD is in the light,
I walk by faith, and sin no more.

HYMN CCXII.

Midnight.

1 IN a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd;
I awake, where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

2 Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroy'd?
Man extinct, and I alone,
Breathing through the formless void?

3 No, my soul, in GOD rejoice;
Through the gloom, His light I see;
In the silence hear His voice,
And I feel His hand on me.

4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place,
When I wake to meet my doom,
May I see Him face to face.

HYMN CCXIII.

A Night Thought.

1 THEE, in the watches of the night,
My spirit would adore,

O GOD! in darkness, as in light,
Defend me evermore.

2 Yet not in Providence alone,
In grace, Thyself impart;
Erect Thy temple, fix Thy throne,
Rule Thou within my heart.

3 The morn and evening sacrifice,
The noon and midnight prayer,
I know that Thou wilt not despise,
When meekly offer'd there.

4 Though heaven and earth Thy presence fill,
Thou surely art, O LORD,
With Him who loves and does Thy will,
Who hears and keeps Thy word.

5 Henceforth be this the aim and end
Of all my life below,
Till to the tomb my dust descend,
To Thee my spirit go.

HYMN CCXIV.

The Issues of Life and Death.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole;
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live;
Nor *all* of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love;—
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

3 LORD GOD of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from Thy face,
And evermore undone:
Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

HYMN CCXV.

Life, Death, and Judgment.—Job xiv. 1—3. 11—13.

1 FEW, few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born;
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways;
Forth, like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
Man like a shadow flees.

2 And dost thou look on such an one?
Will GOD to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer-brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep,
His life is vanity.

3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall, with a roll of thunder, break,
And nature disappear.
O hide me, till Thy wrath be past,
Thou who canst slay or save!
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

HYMN CCXVI.

Past, Present, Future.

1 A HUNDRED years ago, not one
Of us had sprung to birth;
A hundred years to come, and none
Can hope to walk this earth.

2 We are, we were not! here our mind
Looks round with hopes and fears;
This point is Time; before, behind,
Eternity appears.

3 'Tis yet, through grace, within our power,
To choose what we would be ;
On the decision of an hour,
Depends eternity.

4 This hour, this moment, let us take
The narrow upward path ;
This hour, this moment, all forsake
The broad down road to wrath.

5 O LORD, our Shepherd ! lest like sheep,
Thy children go astray,
Feed us with knowledge, guide and keep
Our souls in Thy right way.

6 So, when a hundred years are fled,
Remembering this day's choice,
On earth, though number'd with the dead,
In heaven, may we rejoice.

HYMN CCXVII.

The Measures of Time.

1 A CHILD, a youth, a man,
The whole of life below !
Our time a breath, our course a span ;
Whence come we ? whither go ?

2 Whence come we ?—From the womb
Of dark eternity ;
And thither go we, through the tomb,—
Behold a mystery !

3 For though with worms and dust
His mortal relics lie,
Death may not hold or harm the just;
The spirit cannot die.

4 On angels' wings afar,
'Tis, by a path unknown,
Beyond the range of sun or star,
Caught up before the throne:—

5 At rest in Paradise,
With Him in bliss to live,
Who bought it with so great a price,
Heaven could no higher give:—

6 Till at the trumpet's sound,
When soul and body meet,
They twain are one again, and found
In CHRIST, a saint complete.

7 By His good Spirit taught,
While train'd on earth, may we
Be thus by grace to glory brought,
And immortality.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Man's Birth, Death, and Judgment.

1 NOTHING into this world we brought,
And nothing can we take away;
Oft be the themes of earnest thought,
Man's birth, man's death, man's judgment-day.

2 For each belongs to each of us :
Time past, time present, time to be,
To young and old, determine thus
The issues of eternity.

3 All are born poor, howe'er unlike,
Their lot through life ; and all go down
Poor to the dust :—the darts that strike
The slave, strike him who wears a crown.

4 That name which each on earth has borne,
Renown'd, inglorious, or obscure,
E'en from his gravestone shall be worn ;
Nought under heavén can endure.

5 In the Lamb's book of life alone,
The everlasting page records,
In open view before the throne,
The names of those who are the LORD'S.

6 When on the volume of that book
While small and great are gathered round,
The Judge of quick and dead shall look,
Be all our names unblotted found.

HYMN CCXIX.

Life with its infinite Alternatives.

1 ON our span-long pilgrimage,
Youth, maturity, old age,
What is life ?—a passing breath :
Time ?—a step from birth to death.

2 On that step, that breath, that span,
Hang the destinies of man ;
Not on this poor earth alone,
But through worlds unseen, unknown.

3 Here a paradise of bliss,
There a bottomless abyss,
At the saint's or sinner's feet,
Fraught with joys or terrors meet.

4 While we walk by faith below,
Grace direct the way we go,
Through thy gloom, Gethsemane !
O'er thy height, sad Calvary !

5 Thus in travelling from afar,
Be CHRIST'S cross our leading star,
And His garden-grave our rest,
When life's sun goes down the west.

6 There in hope our dust be found,
When the years have fill'd their round,
Sown in weakness, raised with power,
In the new creation's hour.

HYMN CCXX.

For Old Age.— Ps. lxxi.

1 LORD, I have put my trust in Thee,
Turn not my confidence to shame ;
Thy promise is a rock to me,
A tower of refuge is Thy name.

2 Thou hast upheld me from the womb ;
Thou wert my strength and hope in youth ;
Now trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
I lean upon Thine arm of truth.

3 Though I have long outlived my peers,
And stand amid the world alone,
(A stranger left by former years),
I know my GOD,—by Him am known.

4 Cast me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not in my last hour ;
The foe hath not foregone his rage,
The lion ravins to devour.

5 Not far, my GOD, not far remove :
Sin and the world still spread their snares,
Stand by me now, or they will prove
Too crafty yet for my grey hairs.

6 Me through what troubles hast Thou brought,
Me with what consolations crown'd !
Now be Thy last deliverance wrought,
My soul in peace with Thee be found.

HYMN CCXXI.

Preparation through Life unto Death.

1 THE end of all things is at hand,
Sober, and watchful let us be,
And firm to our profession stand,
In faith and hope and charity.

2 Satan, our adversary knows
The limit of his lawless power,
Yet like a roaring lion goes
Forth, seeking whom he may devour.

3 The shield of faith then let us take;
From his assaults to guard our hearts,
And quench, though from the burning lake,
The force of all his fiery darts.

4 The gospel-hope be, too, our stay,
When doubt and unbelief prevail,
Our comfort in the evil day,
Our strength when flesh and spirit fail.

5 And charity, that bond of peace,
The source and soul of pure delights,
Sweet charity, that shall not cease,
But man with GOD, through CHRIST, unites:—

6 That holiest unction from above
Be shed on our affections here,
Till all are perfected in love,
And perfect love hath cast out fear.

HYMN CCXXII.

The Flight of Time an incentive to Religious Diligence

1 TO-DAY is added to our time,
Yet while we sing, it glides away;
How soon shall we be past our prime;
For where, alas! is yesterday?

2 Gone—gone into eternity :
There, every day in turn appears ;
To-morrow—O 'twill never be,
If we should live a thousand years !

3 Our time is all to-day, to-day,
The same, though changed ;—and while it flies,
With still small voice the moments say—
"To-day, to-day, be wise, be wise !"

4 Then wisdom from above impart,
LORD GOD ! send forth Thy light and truth,
To guide our feet, inform our heart,
And make us Christians from our youth.

HYMN CCXXIII.

The Body dies ; the Soul suffers no Decay.

1 TIME grows not old with length of years ;
Changes he brings, but changes not ;
New born each moment he appears ;
We run our race, and are forgot.

2 Stars in perennial rounds return,
As from eternity they came,
And to eternity might burn ;
We are not for one hour the same.

3 Spring flowers renew their glad perfume,
But ere a second spring they fly ;
Our life is longer than their bloom,
Our bloom is sweeter,—yet *we* die.

4 Stars, like spring-flowers, shall pass away ;
Time, like the stars, must cease to roll :
We have what never can decay,—
Like flowers and stars and time,—a soul.

5 LORD GOD ! when time shall end his flight,
Stars set and flowers revive no more ;
May we behold Thy face in light,
Thy love in JESUS Christ adore.

HYMN CCXXIV.

The Value of a Moment.

1 AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 A moment usher'd us to birth,
Heirs to the commonwealth of earth ;
Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.

3 'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

4 This is that moment,—who can tell
Whether it leads to heaven or hell ?
This is that moment,—*as* we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.

5 Time past and time to come are not ;
Time present is our only lot ;
O GOD ! henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine.

HYMN CCXXV.

Translation of a paraphrase of part of chap. xxxi. of Jeremiah, by the late Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps: sung at his bedside, a little before his death, by some of his friends.

1 WEEP no more, Zion, dry thy streaming tears,
The Eternal is thy GOD, dismiss thy fears ;
Rest in the land of peace for thee remains,
JEHOVAH leads thee, Israel's strength sustains.

2 He will restore thee, ev'n as from the dead,
O'er ruin'd heaps the vine and olive spread ;
He will rebuild, as in thy happiest hours,
Thy city walls, thy battlements and towers.

3 A day will come, a day when from on high,
Mount Ephraim's watchmen to the tribes shall cry,
Return, ye rebels ; 'tis your Sovereign's will
That calls you ; come and climb his holy hill.

4 Rise, unforgotten by thy LORD above,
He loved thee with an everlasting love ;
That love, at trumpet's sound, in joyful throngs,
Thy sons, O Zion ! now extol in songs.

HYMN CCXXVI.

The Living and the Dead.

1 *Where are the dead?* In heaven or hell,
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their buried forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

2 *Who* were the dead? The sons of time
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot,
The place that knew them, knows them not.

3 *Where are the living?* on the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found;
Where, in the period of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal man.

4 *Who* are the living? They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of bliss or woe the eternal heirs;
O what an awful choice is theirs!

5 Then timely warn'd, may we begin
To follow CHRIST, and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in Him our Head,
LORD of the living and the dead.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Preparation for Heaven.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,

Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O GOD ! in us create,
Right spirits, LORD, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven !—O what is this ?
The sum of all that faith believed ;
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The Church of CHRIST, the School of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word ;
In *those* our Saviour's steps we trace,
By *this* His living voice is heard.

6 Firm in His footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

Heaven on Earth.

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Oh ! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With CHRIST before the throne :
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

HYMN CCXXIX.

An Antepast of Heaven.—Psalm xlvi.

1 THERE is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains,
Where, in eternity of light,
The City of our GOD remains.

2 Built by the word of His command,
With His unclouded presence blest,
Firm as His throne, the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

3 Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
Our treasure and our heart be there :
Oh ! for a seraph's wing of fire !
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—

4 We reach at once that last retreat,
And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the elders at *His* feet,
Whose Name alone inspires their song.

5 Ah ! soon, how soon ! our spirits droop ;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe ;
Yet GOD, in very deed, will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.

6 Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear ;
Let earth be Paradise again,
And man, O GOD ! thine image here.

HYMN CCXXX.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.—Psalm xxiii. 4.

1 THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
Deepening through the vale of death,
Yet I will not be afraid,
But, with my departing breath,
I will glory in my GOD,
In my Saviour I will trust,
Strengthen'd by His staff and rod,
While this body falls to dust.

2 Soon on wings, on wings of love,
My transported soul shall rise,
Like the home-returning dove,
Vanishing through boundless skies;
Then, where death shall be no more,
Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
All my days of mourning o'er,
In his presence I shall rest.

HYMN CCXXXI.

Mercies remembered and anticipated.—Ps. xxiii. 4—6.

1 Mercy and goodness, O my God!
Have follow'd me through all my days;
Thy strengthening staff, and guiding rod,
Upheld my steps, made straight my ways:
Lord, till I reach thy holy hill,
Goodness and mercy guard me still.

2 And when I yield this mortal breath,
My soul into Thy hands commend,
And pass the vale and shade of death,
Thy staff and rod my path attend:
Mercy and goodness then shall be
My song to all eternity.

HYMN CCXXXII.

Sin and Death conquered.—Romans, x. 4.

1 The sting of death is sin,
The strength of sin the law;

I feel the envenom'd wound within,
But who the sting shall draw?

2 Thanks be to GOD, I see
My health in CHRIST His Son,
Who, over sin and death, for me,
The victory hath won.

3 The law He magnified,
For me its curse He bore;
Who shall condemn?—'Tis CHRIST that died,
Now lives for evermore.

4 My name upon the roll
Of His redeem'd be found,
And in life's bundle be my soul,
For his soul's travail bound.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

The Day of Judgment.

1 How many generations dead
Dwell in the dust on which we tread!
How many yet may spring to birth,
When we are seen no more on earth!

2 Till, of past, present and to come,
Time shall cast up the destined sum,
And, name by name, through that amount,
Call every unit to account.

3 Where'er ensepulchred they lie,
Each then must answer, "Here am I!"
And once, but once, all Adam's race
Meet for a moment face to face.

4 Then shall the King on either side,
As sheep from goats, the throng divide,
And those to bliss, and these to woe,
Rejoicing or lamenting go.

5 How small to that assembly this !
Yet heirs like them of woe or bliss :
Were the last trumpet now to sound,
On whether hand should we be found ?

6 "Guilty" we plead, O Judge of all !
Guilty into Thine hands we fall ;
The friend of sinners still art Thou ;
Save or we perish, save us *now !*

HYMN CCXXXIV.

At Home in Heaven.—1 Thess. iv. 17.

I.

1 "For ever with the Lord !"
Amen ; so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,

At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies,
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart,
Expands the bow of peace.

7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

9 Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The LORD, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

II.

10 In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in *His* sight,
Who looks all nature through.

11 All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen,
And shall for ever see.

12 How can I meet His eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

13 "For ever with the Lord!"
—Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

14 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

15 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

III.

16 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
"For ever with the LORD!"

17 Then, though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

18 The trump of final doom
Will speak the selfsame word,
And Heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the LORD!"

19 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

20 Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word,
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the LORD!"

21 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—"*For ever with the Lord!*"
Amen; *so let it be!*

HYMN CCXXXV.

The Security of Saints amidst the Destruction of Sinners.

1 When the overwhelming waters
Once a world of sinners drown'd,
Eight of Adam's sons and daughters,
In the Ark salvation found:
Gather'd to the Church, may we
Thus from wrath and peril flee.

2 When the fire from God descended
On the cities of the plain,
Three alone, by Heaven befriended,
Refuge did in Zoar gain:
By our pastors led, may we
Thus escape to Calvary.

3 When the midnight angel number'd
Egypt's first-born with the dead,
Israel's tribes, unsmitten slumber'd,
Where the paschal lamb had bled:
By the blood of sprinkling, we
Thus from vengeance are made free.

4 When, while quick and dead assemble,
Flames this universe destroy,
Though the wicked quake and tremble,
Saints shall lift their heads with joy:
Raised to life, like them, may we
With the Lord for ever be.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

The Day after Judgment.

1 The days and years of time are fled,
Sun, moon, and stars have shone their last;
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanished at the archangel's blast;
All secret things have been reveal'd,
Judgment is pass'd, the sentence seal'd,
And man to all eternity
What he is *now* henceforth must be.

2 From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped the muster-roll,
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up, and won or lost his soul;
These from the Judge's presence go
Down into everlasting woe;
Vengeance hath barr'd the gates of hell,
The scenes within no tongue can tell.

3 But lo! far off the righteous pass
To glory from the King's right hand;
In silence, on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath His feet.

4 Then every eye in Him shall see,
(While thrones and powers before Him fall,)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God Himself is all in all:

O how eternity will ring
With the first note the ransom'd sing!
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.

5 In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath?
Or, with the wicked borne along,
For ever die "the second death?"
JESUS, my life, my light Thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart;
LORD, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

The Song of the Hundred and forty and four thousand.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of GOD,
Seal'd with His almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead ;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tear.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

For ever with the Lord.

1 Eternity ! Eternity !
That boundless, soundless, tideless, sea,
Of mysteries the mystery,
What is Eternity to me ?

2 Infinite bliss or misery,
Woe past, woe present, woe to be ;
The fulness of felicity ;
These are Eternity to me.

3 Two voices from Eternity !
A voice from heaven comes down to me,
A voice from hell breaks dolefully,
"Life, Death, O Man ! are offer'd thee."

4 The abyss is moved; even Wrath cries "Flee!"
The height expands, and Love cries "See
What God hath here prepared for thee ;
Choose thou thine own Eternity ! "

HYMN CCXXXIX.

Good Tidings of Great Joy to all People.

1 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar,
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,

Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains ;
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.

HYMN CCXL.

Invitation to the Jews to acknowledge Christ.

1 CHILDREN of Zion, know your King,
Your own Messiah hail :
Hosanna in His temple sing,
For He hath rent the veil.

2 Himself the sacrifice for sin,
As your High-Priest He died ;
With His own blood, He enter'd in,—
Behold Him crucified !

3 Behold Him on the Mercy-seat,
High in the holiest place ;
Now cast yourselves before His feet,
Then rise to see His face.

4 That face with reconciling beams
Shines forth upon you all ;
No longer mourn by Babel's streams,
He calls you,—hear His call.

5 So shall your hearts within you burn ;
While guided by His voice,
With songs to Zion you return,
And in your GOD rejoice.

6 At His great name, bow every knee ;
Let every tongue confess
CHRIST, whom your fathers slew, is HE,
The LORD your Righteousness.

HYMN CCXLI.

The Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The LORD'S appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South,—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!"

4 They come, they come ;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And GOD his works destroy,
With songs the ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN CCXLII.

The Christians' Call to the Gypsies.—Isa. xviii. 7.

CHRISTIANS.

1 STRANGERS, whence came ye to the West ;
Are ye the offspring of the sun,
That from his rising to his rest,
Through every clime he shines on, run ?
So bright of eye, so dark of hue,
Surely your sire hath look'd on you.

GYPSIES.

2 Of higher lineage than the sun,
(But where our birthplace none can show,)
His track in heaven, on earth we run,
From where the waves of Ganges flow,
Or Nile's mysterious waters well
From Afric's heart, unsearchable.

3 Strangers and pilgrims everywhere,
In exile through the world we roam,
Yet catch no breath of natal air,
Yet find no place that once was home ;
We meet no form to ours akin,
No door to welcome us within.

4 Our fathers came not on the wing,
Like swallows in their annual round,
Nor did their field-born households spring
Like flowers in April, from the ground ;
Although, like flowers, or swallows led,
They might have risen from the dead :—

5 So simultaneously appear'd
Through many a land, a race, that sought
Not gold or conquest,—Hoped nor fear'd,
Weapon nor merchandise they brought;
But, where sweet spots of way-side green
Gave sun and shade, their tents were seen.

6 Ages since then are worn away,
And we, instinctively estranged,
From those with whom we dwell,—as they
That went before, remain unchanged;
Subtle though sinful, wild yet tame,
Looks, language, manners, minds, the same.

7 But must we so be born and die?
Must all our generations pass
Like clouds that vanish through the sky?
And single lives, like blades of grass
At day-break green, with dew-drops fed,
Ere noon be shorn, by night-fall dead?

CHRISTIANS.

8 Strangers, we hail you to the west,
Nameless no more, nor hopeless roam,
Here seek your hope, here find your rest,
Our country yours, and yours our home;
And this our bond of union be,
Ye are our brethren, yours are we.

9 Not Nile nor Ganges gave you birth,
Your parentage and ours is one;
Coeval with the heavens and earth,
The GOD who spake and it was done;

In His great name on you we call ;
He is the Father of us all.

10 Leave then the wild, the lane, the wood,
Live not like brutes that perish thus ;
O come, and we will do you good,
For GOD hath spoken good to us :
Come, we will teach you all His ways ;
Come, and let both show forth His praise.

GYPSIES.

11 We come, we come, the world forsake ;
With heart, soul, mind, and all their powers,
Your country and your home we take,
Your people and your GOD for ours ;
Resolved with you to live and die,
Dwell where you dwell, lie where you lie.

CHRISTIANS AND GYPSIES.

12 Then, when our bodies, dust to dust,
And side by side their Sabbath keep,
May our free souls among the just
Watch for that breaking up from sleep,
When once again we all shall be,
Joint heirs of immortality.

HYMN CCXLIII.

For a Deaf Man.

1 To me, though neither voice nor sound,
From earth or air may come,
Deaf to the world that brawls around,
The world to me is dumb.

2 Yet may the quick and conscious eye
Assist the slow dull ear;
Sight can the signs of thought supply,
And with a look I hear.

3 The song of birds, the water's fall,
Sweet tones and grating jars,
Hail, tempest, wind, and thunder,—all
Are silent as the stars:—

4 The stars that on their tranquil way,
In language without speech,
The glory of the LORD display,
And to all nations preach.

5 Now, though one outward sense be seal'd,
The kind remaining four,
To teach me needful knowledge, yield
Their earnest aid the more.

6 Yet hath mine heart an inward ear,
Through which its powers rejoice;
Speak, LORD; and let me love to hear
Thy Spirit's still small voice.

7 So when the Archangel from the ground
Shall summon great and small,
The ear now deaf shall hear that sound,
And answer to the call.

HYMN CCXLIV.

For Mariners.

1 Now weigh the anchor, hoist the sail,
Launch out upon the pathless peep,
Resolved, however veers the gale,
The destin'd port in mind to keep ;
Through all the dangers of the way,
Deliver us, good LORD, we pray.

2 When tempests mingle sea and sky,
And winds like lions rage and rend,
Ships o'er the mountain-waters fly,
Or down unfathom'd depths descend,
Though skill avail not, strength decay,
Deliver us, good LORD, we pray.

3 If lightnings from embattled clouds
Strike, or a spark in secret nurst,
From stem to stern, o'er masts and shrouds,
Like doomsday's conflagration burst,
Amid the fire Thy power display,
Deliver us, good LORD, we pray.

4 Through yielding planks, should ocean urge
Rude entrance, flooding all below,
Speak, ere we founder in the surge—
"Thus far, nor farther shall ye go ;

Here, ye proud waves, your fury stay:"
Deliver us, good LORD, we pray.

5 With cordage snapt, and canvas riven,
Through straits thick-strown with rock and shoal,
Along some gulph-stream darkly driven,
Fast wedged 'midst icebergs at the pole,
Or on low breakers cast away,
Deliver us, good LORD, we pray.

6 Save, or we perish;—calms or storms,
By day, by night, at home, afar,
Death walks the waves in all his forms,
And shoots his darts from every star;
Want, pain, and woe man's path waylay,
Deliver us, good LORD, we pray.

HYMN CCXLV.

Invocation to Peace.—Phil. iv. 7.

1 PEACE that passeth understanding,
Peace to calm the bosom's strife,
Peace the winds and waves commanding,
On this stormy sea of life;
Peace the wounded spirit healing,
Peace the love of CHRIST revealing;
Peace, O GOD! *Thy* peace impart;
Thou of peace the author art.

2 Peace to keep our minds for ever
In Thy faith, Thy fear, Thy way ;
Peace to keep our hearts, that never
Thought, desire, nor feeling stray !
Peace to soothe in every trial,
Peace to soften self-denial,
Peace our daily cross to take,
Grant us, for our Saviour's sake.

3 War with all the powers of evil,
We may every moment wage,
Yet of world, and flesh, and devil,
Scorn the friendship, falsehood, rage ;
Though by foes and perils haunted,
We shall pass unharm'd, undaunted,
Thy whole armour, while we wear,
Sword, shield, breast-plate, helm,—all prayer.

HYMN CCXLVI.

For a Birthday.

1 Is this the day that gave me birth ?
Returning year by year,
Still as a stranger on the earth,
It finds and leaves me here.

2 But oh ! the day, the day draws nigh,
When I must hence depart,
Leave all things pleasant to the eye,
Or precious to the heart.

3 Where shall my naked spirit then,
Flee at my latest breath?
Alas! I must be born again,
Or die a deadlier death.

4 While everlasting ages roll
Without a change away,
My ransom'd or my ruin'd soul,
Shall bless or curse this day.

5 LORD JESUS, who Thyself was born
To live and die for me,
Thy doctrine may my life adorn,
Death take me home to Thee.

HYMN CCXLVII.

For a Friend's Birthday.

1 BROTHER and friend, with heart and voice,
We greet thee on this festal morn;
None but the Christian can rejoice
In deed and truth, that he was born.

2 Since to this evil world you came,
Your heavenly birth-right have you prized?
In Father, Son, and Spirit's name,
Were you not from that world baptized?

3 Then dead to sin, alive to GOD,
Whate'er you feel, or seek, or do,
Along the path our Saviour trod,
Meekly his blessed steps pursue.

4 So shall the Father cause his face
To shine on you while life endures,
So be the Son's redeeming grace,
The Holy Ghost's communion, yours.

5 So may we all with heart and voice
Sing at the resurrection morn,
And through eternity rejoice,
At God's right hand, that we were born.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

For the renewal of Anniversary Blessings.

1 O Thou, in whom we live and move
And have our being! meet us here;
Let us Thy tender mercy prove,
As Thou art wont, from year to year.

2 For year by year, when throngs on throngs,
Rejoicing to Thy courts repair,
To offer praise in choral songs,
And pour their souls in fervent prayer:—

3 To prayers and songs in sovereign grace,
A willing ear Thou dost incline,
And cause the glory of Thy face
In Christ, on all and each to shine.

4 To each and all, this day, anew,
The tokens of Thy love impart,
And let Thy blessing fall like dew,
—Fall on good ground in every heart.

5 In every heart Thy word be sown,
Spring up, and thrive through heat and cold,
Until it shake like Lebanon,
With heavenly fruit an hundred fold :—

6 Fruit ripening in our earthly clime,
Till all the plants thus train'd by Thee,
Flourish as trees of life through time,
Then trees of immortality.

HXMN CCXLIX.

On a special Christian Festival Occasion.

1 The sun clear-shining after showers
May his own image view,
Reflected from a thousand flowers
In countless drops of dew.

2 If then a freshening breeze up-springs,
Above, around, beneath,
Like heavenward incense on its wings,
Their mingled odours breathe.

3 So ! where the Sun of righteousness
His cheering radiance sheds,
Where gracious rains have fall'n to bless
The Church's garden-beds.

4 Christ's ransom'd tribes before him stand,
With His own glory bright ;
Plants of his heavenly Father's hand,
And children of the light.

5 Then should the spirit from above
A gale of Eden's blow,
As from a Paradise of love,
How sweet their spices flow!

6 To-day, while thousands meet as one
In many a holy place,
May He who is of all the Sun,
In each his image trace.

HYMN CCL.

For Christmas.

1 Sleep, weary world, and take thy rest,
Thy countless eye-lids close;
Shut all thy cares within thy breast,
For once in peace repose.

2 Wake, slumbering world; a midnight cry
Comes with Almighty breath;
Wake; thy redemption draweth nigh,
Rise from the dust of death.

3 Yon star, those angels, shepherds, kings,
A birth from heaven proclaim;
The Son of God salvation brings,
Emanuel is His name.

4 Gather thy children from afar,
Of climes and tongues unknown;
Show them the stable and the star,
Christ's manger and his throne.

5 There, with the Angels, loud and sweet,
All hearts, all voices blend ;
There, with the shepherds, at his feet,
All knees, all nations bend.

6 There, with the wise men from the East,
Sinners their offerings bring ;
Each at this altar be a priest,
And every priest a king.

7 For He shall wash them in His blood,
Shall with His robes array,
And make them kings and priests to GOD :
LORD JESUS, speed the day.

HYMN CCLI.

For a Religious Anniversary.

1 ONCE more, to pay our annual vows,
We to Thy temple, LORD, repair ;
While every knee before Thee bows,
And every lip is moved in prayer,
Send down Thy Spirit from above,
Thy Holy Spirit, GOD of love.

2 In pentecostal power and grace,
May He baptize us now with fire,
With His sweet presence fill the place,
With faith and hope our hearts inspire,
Faith, seeing what no eye can see,
Hope, breathing immortality.

3 Through Him to us Thy Son reveal,
In every form that once he wore,
When, with His blood, our peace to seal,
Our sins He in His body bore,
For all a full atonement made,
For each a priceless ransom paid.

4 The helpless child in Bethlehem born,
Heaven's pilgrim through earth's wilderness,
The man of sorrows and of scorn,
Him as our LORD we would confess.
And nothing know, or seek beside
CHRIST JESUS, and Him crucified.

6 So may we in His likeness grow,
GOD in the flesh made manifest—
Through whom Thine Image, lost below,
On souls new-born is reimpress'd;
No longer kindred to the clod,
Though sons of Adam, sons of GOD.

HYMN CCLII.

An Hundred Years ago.

Hymn for the Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism.

1 ONE song of praise, one voice of prayer,
Around, above, below;
Ye winds and waves the burthen bear,
"An hundred years ago!"

2 "An hundred years ago!" What then?
There rose, the world to bless,
A little band of faithful men,
A cloud of witnesses:

3 It look'd but like a human hand;
Few welcomed, and none fear'd,
Yet, as it open'd o'er the land,
The hand of GOD appear'd.

4 The LORD made bare His holy arm,
In sight of earth and hell;
Fiends fled before it with alarm,
And alien-armies fell.

5 GOD gave the word, and great hath been
The preachers' company;
What wonders have our fathers seen!
What signs their children see!

6 One song of praise for mercies past,
Through all our courts resound;
One voice of prayer, that to the last,
Grace may yet more abound.

7 All hail, "An hundred years ago!"
And when our lips are dumb,
Be millions heard rejoicing so,
An hundred years to come.

HYMN CCLIII.

Thy Kingdom come.

Written in the metre and to suit the tune of the hymn said to have been composed and set to music by Luther, and sung by him and his friends, as they entered the city of Worms, to appear before the Diet there; when, though he had reason to fear treachery and cruelty equal to that experienced by his martyred predecessor, John Huss, at the Council of Constance, he declared, while his advisers would have dissuaded him from going thither, that "if there were as many devils there as there were tiles on the houses, he would go and face them."

1 Send out Thy light and truth, O God!
With sound of trumpet from above;
Break not the nations with Thy rod,
But draw them as with cords of love;
Justice and mercy meet;
The work is well begun,
Through every clime their feet,
Who bring glad tidings, run;
In earth, as heaven, Thy will be done.

2 Before Thee every idol fall,
Rend the false prophet's veil of lies;
The fulness of the Gentiles call,
Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise:
Thy Kingdom come indeed,
Thy church with union bless,
All scripture be her creed,
And every tongue confess
One Lord,—the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Now for the travail of His soul,
MESSIAH'S peaceful reign advance;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
He claims His pledged inheritance:
O Thou most mighty! gird
Thy sword upon Thy thigh,—
That two-edged sword,—Thy word,
By which Thy foes shall die,
Then be new-born beneath Thine eye.

4 So perish all Thine enemies,
Their enmity alone be slain;
Them, in the arms of mercy seize,
Breathe, and their souls shall come again:
So may Thy friends at length,
Oft smitten, oft laid low,
Forth, like the sun in strength,
Conquering, to conquer go,
Till to Thy throne all nations flow.

HYMN CCLIV.

Farewell to a Missionary.

1 HOME, kindred, friends, and country, these
Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart:
And yet 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When these, all these, are left behind.

2 But when the pilgrim's staff we take,
And follow CHRIST from shore to shore,
Gladly for Him we all forsake,
Press on, and only look before :
Though humbled Nature mourns her loss,
The spirit glories in the Cross.

3 It is no sin, like man, to weep,
Even JESUS wept o'er Lazarus, dead ;
Or yearn for home beyond the deep,
He had not where to lay His head :
The patriot's tears will He condemn,
Who wept o'er lost Jerusalem ?

4 Take up your cross, and say "Farewell !"
Go forth without the camp to Him,
Who left heaven's throne with men to dwell,
Who died His murderers to redeem :
Oh ! tell His name in every ear ;
Doubt not,—the dead themselves will hear ;

5 Hear, and come forth to life anew.
Then, while the Gentile courts they fill,
Shall not your Saviour's words stand true ?
Home, kindred, friends, and country still,
In earth's last desert you shall find,
Yet lose not those you left behind.

HYMN CCLV.

The Field of the World.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;

To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found ;
Go forth, then, every where.

4 Thou know'st not which may thrive
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry " Harvest home ! "

HYMN CCLVI.

The Gathering of the Gentiles.

1 The heathen perish;—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for *You?*
And what for *Him* will ye not do?

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

HYMN CCLVII.

The Spirit accompanying the Word of God.

1 O Spirit of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the LORD ! prepare
All the round earth her GOD to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The name of JESUS glorify,
Till every kindred call him LORD.

5 GOD from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd through Thee.

HYMN CCLVIII.

For a Juvenile Missionary Meeting.

PART I.

1 A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield
Enough to stock a little field.

2 The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

PART II.

3 A penny is a little thing
Which even the poor man's child may fling
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

4 As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million fold;
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

5 That soul can scarce be saved alone,—
It must, it will, its bliss make known;
"Come," it will cry, "and you shall see
What great things GOD hath done for me."

6 Hundreds that joyful sound may hear;
Hear with the heart as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim,
Salvation in the "Only Name."

7 That "Only Name," above, below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know;
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On "JESUS CHRIST" as LORD of all!

PART III.

8 The day of small things GOD will not
Despise, the least are unforgot;
An orphan's offering, widow's mite,
Are precious in their Maker's sight.

9 Children! who now hosannas raise,
Out of whose mouths He perfects praise,

Spare from the little you possess,
What GOD will own, accept and bless.

10 Till through the east, the south, the west,
Gifts from the north will be so blest,
That, in the end, earth's countless throngs
Shall sing with us this song of songs :—

11 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Power, riches, honour to obtain,
Who loved and wash'd us in His blood,
And made us kings and priests to GOD."

HYMN CCLIX.

Garden thoughts.

For a Missionary Meeting in a Garden.

1 IN a garden,—man was placed,
Meet abode for innocence,
With his Maker's image graced ;
Sin crept in, and drove him thence,
Through the world, a wretch undone,
Seeking rest, and finding none.

2 In a garden,—on that night,
When our Saviour was betray'd,
With what world-redeeming might,
In His agony He pray'd !
Till He drank the vengeance up,
And with mercy fill'd the cup.

3 In a garden,—on the Cross,
When the spear His heart had riven,

And for earth's primeval loss,
Heaven's best ransom had been given ;
JESUS rested from his woes,
JESUS from the dead arose.

4 Here, not Eden's bowers are found,
Nor forlorn Gethsemane,
Nor that calm sepulchral ground,
At the foot of Calvary ;
Yet this scene may well recall
Sweet remembrances of all.

5 Emblem of the Church below !
Where the Spirit and the Word,
Fall like dews, like breezes blow,
And the LORD GOD's voice is heard,
Walking in the cool of day,
While the world is far away.

6 Emblem of the Church above !
Where, as in their native clime,
'Midst the garden of his love,
Rescued from the rage of time,
Saints, as trees of life shall stand,
Planted by His own right hand.

7 Round the fair enclosure here,
Flames no cherub's threatening sword ;
Ye, who enter, feel no fear :
Roof'd by heaven, with verdure floor'd,
Breathing balm from blossoms gay,
This is Paradise *to-day.*

8 Yet one moment meditate
On our parents' banishment,

When from Eden's closing gate,
Hand in hand, they weeping went,
Spikenard groves no more to dress,
But a thorn-set wilderness.

9 Then, remember Him who laid
Uncreated splendour by,
Lower than the angels made,
Fallen man to glorify;
And from death beyond the grave,
Unto life immortal save.

10 Think of Him,—your souls He sought,
Wandering, never to return;
Hath He found you?—At the thought,
Your glad hearts within you burn:
Then your love, like His, extend;
Be like Him, the sinner's friend.

11 Ye, who smile in rosy youth,
Glow with manhood, fade through years,
Send the life, the light, the truth,
To dead hearts, blind eyes, deaf ears;
And your very pleasures make
Charities for JESUS' sake.

12 So shall gospel-glory run,
Round the globe to every clime,
Brighter than the circling sun;
Hastening that millennial time,
When the earth shall be restored,
As the garden of the LORD.

HYMN CCLX.

The success of the Gospel in our days.

1 "LET there be light:" thus spake the Word;
The Word was GOD; "and there was light:"
Still the creative voice is heard;
A day is born from every night.

2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll;
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

3 Nor we alone; its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of pagan sleep:
The Word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
GOD'S Spirit moves upon the deep.

4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands;
Once more inhales immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

5 From day to day, before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
On every land beneath the sun?

6 When, in the Sabbath of His love,
Shall GOD amidst his labours rest;
And, bending from His throne above,
Again pronounce His creatures bless'd?

HYMN CCLXI.

On the Jubilee of the London Missionary Society.

1 Arise and shine, your light is come,
Fair islands of the West!
Awake and sing, once deaf and dumb,
Now islands of the blest.

2 Shine, for the glory of the Lord
Your coral-reefs surrounds:
Sing, for the trumpet of His word
O'er all your ocean sounds.

3 Poor Africa! through thy waste sands,
Where Calvary's fountain flows,
Deserts become Immanuel's lands,
And blossom like the rose.

4 India, beneath the chariot wheels
Of Juggernaut o'erthrown,
Thy heart a quickening Spirit feels,
A pulse beats through the stone.

5 China! behold thy quaking wall:
Foredoom'd by Heaven's decree,
A hand is writing on it—"*Fall!*"
A voice goes forth—"*Be free!*"

6 Ye Pagan tribes! of every race,
Clime, country, language, hue,
Believe, obey, be saved by grace,
The Gospel speaks to you.

7 Father of lights! Thy will be done
Here, as by saints above;

Give earth's whole empire to Thy Son,
For He must reign in love :—

8 Reign, till beneath His feet, all foes ;
Vanquish'd for ever lie ;
And the last Judgment's sentence close
The book of prophecy.

HYMN CCLXII.

For a Congregation of Negroes.

1 Our Master, Jesus, reign'd above,
The Lord of all was He ;
And yet He chose to set His love,
O wondrous love ! on me.

2 Our Master, Jesus,—bless His name !
I love to hear the sound,—
When I was lost to seek me came,
And, O thank God ! He found.

3 Our Master, Jesus, from His birth
My sins and sorrows bore ;
And while He lived, like me, on earth,
A servant's form He wore.

4 Our Master, Jesus, went to preach
The Gospel every where,
And by His own example teach
How we the Cross should bear.

5 Our Master, Jesus, O how kind
Was all He did and said !
He heal'd the sick, the lame, the blind,
And raised to life the dead.

6 Our Master, JESUS, crucified
By hands of wicked men,
Pray'd for His murderers;—then He died;
He died, but rose again.

7 Our Master, JESUS, suffer'd this,
The world from hell to save,
And bring to heaven's amazing bliss,
The free man and the slave.

8 Our Master, JESUS, takes delight
In hearts made pure within;
Though we are black, our souls are white,
When He forgives our sin.

9 Our Master, JESUS, who didst give
Thyself to die for me,
Grant the poor negro grace to live,
And grace to die to Thee.

HYMN CCLXIII.

The Year of Jubilee.

1 FAIR shines the morning star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of Jubilee.

2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With CHRIST'S unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;

Rise with your LORD ;—He sets you free ;
It is the year of Jubilee.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
The land your Fathers won,
Behold, how GOD hath wrought
Redemption through His Son ;
Your heritage again is free ;
It is the year of Jubilee.

5 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to Justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
He gave Himself for you !
The blood of CHRIST hath made you free :
It is the year of Jubilee.

6 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The LORD'S accepted year :
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free ;
It is the year of Jubilee.

HYMN CCLXIV.

On the Decease of an eminent Christian Missionary in the West Indies.

1 OH ! "Valiant-for-the-Truth !"
Hail from Thy battle-field,
A Christian warrior from thy youth,
Who never knew to yield ;
The conquering armour here lay down,
For the white robe, the palm, the crown.

2 Where earth and hell combined
GOD'S Image to defame,
In darkness hold the immortal mind,
In chains the mortal frame ;
There didst thou choose thy stormy post,
Strong in the faith,—thyself a host.

3 Not without patient care,
Sore suffering, day-long toil,
And many a wrestling night of prayer,
Didst thou divide the spoil ;
Then ransom'd slaves were made to be
Free from Man's yoke,—from Satan's free.

4 Now rest upon that bed,
Where once thy Captain lay,
And sanctified it for the dead
In CHRIST, till His great day ;
When they, though worlds around them burn,
With songs to Zion shall return.

5 In that Jerusalem above,
Where all the saints shall meet ;
Loved with an everlasting love,
Around their Saviour's feet ;
Oh ! there with thine our souls be found
In life's eternal bundle bound.

HYMN CCLXV.

China Evangelized.

"*The Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle.*"—Isa. xiii. 4.

PART I.

1 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass!
Ye bars of Iron! yield;
And let the King of Glory pass,—
The Cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star,
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 A holy war those servants wage;
—Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

4 Earth's rankest soil they see outspread;
So throng'd, it seems within,
One city of the living dead,
Dead while alive to sin.

5 The forms of life are everywhere,
The spirit nowhere found;
Like vapours kindling in the air,
Then sinking in the ground.

6 No hope have these above the dust,
No being but a breath;
In vanity and lies they trust
Their very life is death.

PART II.

7 Ye armies of the living GOD,
His sacramental host!
Where hallow'd footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

8 Follow the Cross, the ark of peace
Accompany your path,
To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

9 A barley-cake o'erthrew the camp
Of Midian, tent by tent,
Ere morn the trumpet and the lamp
Through all in triumph went.

10 Though China's sons like Midian's fill
As grasshoppers the vale,
The sword of GOD and Gideon still
To conquer cannot fail.

11 As Jericho before the blast
Of sounding rams' horns fell,
Sin's strongholds here shall be down cast,
Down cast these gates of hell.

12 Truth error's legions must o'erwhelm
And China's thickest wall,
(The wall of darkness round her realm,)
At your loud summons fall.

13 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands,
All must be His at length.

14 The closest seal'd between the poles
Is open'd to your toils;
Where thrice a hundred million souls
Are offer'd you for spoils.

15 Those spoils, at His victorious feet,
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great Judgment-day.

PART III.

16 No carnal weapons those ye bear,
To lay the aliens low;
Then strike amain, and do not spare,
There's life in every blow.

17 Life!—more than life on earth can be;
All in this conflict slain
Die but to sin,—eternally
The crown of life to gain.

18 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To CHRIST shall Buddhu's votaries bow
And sing with you this song:

19 "Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The Cross hath won the field."

HYMN CCLXVI.

All nations shall serve Him.—Ps. lxxii. 11.

1 Fall down ye nations, and adore
· Jehovah on His mercy-seat,
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.

2 Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
(The voice of many waters) rise,
Day without night, as time goes round.

3 Come from the east,—with gifts, ye kings,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh ;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.

4 Come from the west,—the bond, the free,
His easy service make your choice ;
Ye isles of the Pacific Sea,
Like halcyon-nests, in God rejoice.

5 Come from the south ;—through desert sands,
A highway for the Lord prepare ;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Libya pour her soul in prayer.

6 Come from the north ;—let Europe raise
In all her languages one song ;
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to His holy name belong.

7 For He hath bow'd the heavens above,
And at His feet the mountains flow'd ;

He came ;—but not in wrath ;—in love,
To make with men His pure abode.

8 With smiles, O earth ! thy Maker meet ;
Nations, before your Saviour fall ;
Redemption is in Him complete,
The Gospel now is preach'd to all.

HYMN CCLXVII.

The Reign of Christ on Earth.—Ps. lxxii.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong :
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light ;
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered ;
For He shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations
Or moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

5 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring,
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;

His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

8 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is—Love.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

An universal Sabbath Day anticipated.

PART I.

1 Will e'er that sabbath-morning rise,
When on the Sun of Righteousness,
Earth's wakening millions lift their eyes
His healing beams to hail and bless :—

2 When God's own day of rest shall be
Hallow'd, by all that live and move
On peopled land, or desert sea,
While all its hallowing influence prove :—

3 When men of every hue and speech
Shall hasten to the House of Prayer,
And CHRIST's disciples go and teach
The Gospel to all nations there :—

4 When meekly every heart receives
The engrafted word, whose vigorous shoots
Yield in their season tender leaves,
Expanding flowers, and ripen'd fruits :—

5 Leaves of profession ever green,
And flowers of promise never sere,
Till fruits of holiness are seen,
In rich succession round the year.

PART II.

6 As in Jerusalem above,
Life's trees, the plants of GOD's right hand,
Along the river of His love,
To nourish saints and angels, stand :—

7 So earth, that garden of the LORD,
Though long laid waste for man's offence,
May yet see Paradise restored,
And a new age of innocence.

8 When Adam's offspring, born to death,
From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
Shall feel again the Almighty's breath,
And man become a living soul :—

9 A soul new-born, beyond the range
Of time, temptation, death, or sin,
GOD's image, stampt on it, to change,
Nor quench the life of GOD within.

10 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart of man conceived the grace,
Which GOD, in His eternal word,
Hath surely promised, shall take place.

11 O Sun of Righteousness! unveil
Thy heaven of uncreated rays,
Till all that breathe shall bless and hail
The glory of the latter days.

12 Meanwhile, rejoicing on their beds,
Whatever morning meets their eye,
May saints, from slumber lift their heads,
To greet the day-spring from on high.

HYMN CCLXIX.

Jubilee Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

1 O BE joyful, every nation!
Hail the day with sacred mirth,
When the trumpet of salvation
Sounds the jubilee of earth,
And creation
Travails with the world's new birth.

2 Then the north, in darkness shrouded,
Jacob's rising star shall bless;
And the eastern morn, unclouded,
Bring the sun of righteousness,
Cheering, healing,
Sin-sick souls in heart's distress.

3 Then her swarthy sons and daughters,
Afric to the Cross shall bring;
And the angel of the waters
Hear His coral islands sing,
"Hallelujah!"
Till the whole Pacific ring.

4 O thou everlasting Father,
Give the kingdoms to Thy Son;
He hath died that He might gather
All GOD's children into one;
For the travail
Of His soul, let this be done!

5 Yea, it must be:—Thou hast spoken,
And Thy covenant shall last;
Though the arch of heaven were broken,
And the earth's foundations cast
Down the abysses;
Yet Thy word, O GOD, stands fast.

6 On Thy holy hill of Zion,
Hast Thou not ordained His seat?
Now, as Judah's conquering lion,
Lay all foes beneath His feet,
Till His armies
In eternal triumph meet.

7 We have join'd their marching legions,
Where our fathers fought, we fight;
Slavery's cane-lands, Brama's regions,
Are exulting at the sight;
Freedom, freedom,
Comes with Gospel-life and light.

8 All the languages of Babel,
Weapons for the warfare yield ;
And with these we well are able,
By Thy Spirit's might, to wield
In the battle,
Truth's safe guard, and Faith's strong shield.

9 Thus, through fifty years victorious,
Thou hast led our brethren on ;
Arm them now for deeds more glorious,
Till the latest field is won :
And all people
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son.

HYMN CCLXX.

On the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society.

1 The King of Glory we proclaim—
Who is the King of Glory ? He
To seek and save the lost who came,
The Jew, the Gentile, bond and free.

2 Heralds through every clime we send,
His great salvation to make known :
The Church's Head, the Sinner's Friend,
Christ on His mediatorial throne.

3 Here, for the travail of His soul,
He claims the promised heritage,
The Father's gift—from pole to pole—
Earth's utmost bound, to time's last age.

4 Him shall all tongues confess, all knees
Shall bow before that mercy-seat,
Love reconcile all enemies,
Or wrath subdue beneath His feet.

5 A year of Jubilee we hail!
Since we in faith this work began
It must go on: it cannot fail
While we are true to God and man.

6 So, Father, glorify Thy Son,
So Thou in Him be glorified,
Till all the straying sheep are won,
For whom the Lord their Shepherd died.

HYMN CCLXXI.

For the Centenary Jubilee of the Moravian, or United Brethren's Church, June 17, 1822.

1 Thine arm, O Lord, of old
In lands of desolation,
Enclosed an humble fold,
Redeem'd a congregation:
Our fathers, like a flock,
The great, good Shepherd led,
Gave water from the rock,
With heavenly manna fed.

2 A poor, afflicted race,
But in Thy name confiding,
They walk'd before Thy face,
Thou in their midst abiding;

While Satan's fellest rage
With patient faith they bore;
Consumed from age to age,
Till known on earth no more.

3 Yet was a remnant saved;
Still wrestling with affliction,
Their foes they singly braved,
Beneath Thy benediction:
Again went forth the word,
Abroad the Spirit flew;
The voice of GOD was heard,
Creating all things new.

4 An hundred years are past,
Since that revival glorious;
And still Thy Church stands fast,
O'er earth and hell victorious:
The path our fathers trod,
Lay through Gethsemane,
Thither, O Lamb of God,
This day we follow Thee.

5 Thence borne to Calvary's brow,
Thy griefs and sorrows viewing,
With heart, soul, spirit, now
Our covenant renewing:
Thy love we here record,
Our sins with tears bewail;
Thy blood pleads for us, LORD;
O let that plea prevail.

6 Through suffering, shame, and loss,
Through honour, wealth, and pleasure,

To glory in Thy Cross,
As our eternal treasure ;
That Cross with joy to bear
Through realms that know Thee not ;
And thus Thy way prepare,
Still be Thy Brethren's lot.

HYMN CCLXXII.

For the Centenary Celebration, August 13, 1827, of the memorable day of the union of all hearts and minds in the congregation of the United Brethren at Hernhut, amongst whom, since their revival, five years previously, considerable differences had prevailed on minor points, which were all blessedly reconciled at the Holy Sacrament in the parish church of Bethelsdorf, in 1727.

1 The God of your forefathers praise,
Thou, Brethren's Congregation !
Whose mighty arm, by wondrous ways,
Accomplished their salvation :
He heard their groans, came down and broke
The bigot's chain, the tyrant's yoke,
And led them forth to freedom.

2 He brought them to his chosen place,
Among the woods and mountains ;
The desert fled before their face.
Gardens, and fields, and fountains,
Round their new homes and temple sprang,
While day and night hosannas rang
Through all their little Zion.

3 They walked with GOD in peace and love,
But failed with one another;
While sternly for the faith they strove,
Brother fell out with brother:
But He, in whom they put their trust,
Who knew their frames, that they were dust,
Pitied and healed their weakness.

4 He found them in His house of prayer,
With one accord assembled,
And so reveal'd His presence there,
They wept for joy, and trembled;
One cup they drank, one bread they brake,
One baptism shared, one language spake,
Forgiving and forgiven.

5 Then forth they went with tongues of flame,
In one blest theme delighting,
The love of JESUS, and His Name
GOD'S children all uniting!
That love, our theme and watchword still;
That law of love may we fulfil,
And love as we have loved.

6 JESUS, Thy little flock behold,
Here met in sweet communion,
Confirm, as in the years of old,
Our sacramental union;
Renew that day of Pentecost,
Send down on us the Holy Ghost,
The promise of the Father.

7 Now blow the trump of Jubilee,
And while the Church rejoices,

As in one faith, hope, charity,
Join songs, and hearts, and voices,
To Father, Son, and Spirit raise,
On earth, the song of heavenly praise,
Sing, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

HYMN CCLXXIII.

For the Centenary Anniversaries of the Brethren's Eldership, and the beginning of the Society for the furtherance of the Gospel in the Moravian Church, November 13 and 19, 1841.

PART I.

1 All hail! our Church's Elder dear,
Jesus, her glorious head!
To Thy disciples now appear,
As risen from the dead;
Let our rejoicing souls in Thee,
The tokens of Thy Passion see,
And hear Thy gentle voice anew,
Say "Peace be unto you."

2 Remembering what our fathers told,
Thou didst in their young day,
This solemn Jubilee we hold,
That we, as then did they,
Ourselves in covenant may bind,
With soul and strength, and heart and mind,
Through life and death, on land, o'er sea,
Meekly to follow Thee.

3 Revive Thy work amidst the years,
Our brethren still employ,
O'er heathen soils to sow in tears,
With hope to reap in joy:
Though wide the fields, the labourers few,
If Thou our failing faith renew,
The weakest of Thy servants, we
Can all things do through Thee.

4 Through Thee, from Greenland's sterile rocks,
Rich harvests have been led;
In Indian forests wandering flocks,
With heavenly knowledge fed;
In island-prisons o'er the sea,
Bond-slaves have been made gospel-free;
Midst lion-haunts, on Afric sands,
Strange tribes lift holy hands.

PART II.

5 To-day, one world-neglected race,
We fervently commend
To Thee, and to Thy Word of grace;
LORD, visit and befriend
A people scatter'd, peel'd, and rude,
By land and ocean-solitude,
Cut off from every social shore,
In dreary Labrador.

6 Thither, while to and fro she steers,
Still guide our annual bark *,

* For particulars of the missionary ship, and the providence which has preserved her through so many perilous annual voyages, *vide* periodical accounts of the Missions of the United Brethren.

By night and day, through hopes and fears,
While, lonely as the ark,
Along her single track she braves,
Gulphs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds, and waves,
To waft glad tidings to the shore
Of longing Labrador.

7 How welcome to the watching eye,
From morn till evening fix'd,
The first faint speck that shews her nigh,
Where surge and sky are miss'd ;
Till looming large, and larger yet,
With bounding prow, and sails full set,
She speeds to anchor on the shore
Of joyful Labrador.

8 Then hearts with hearts, and souls with souls,
In thrilling transport meet,
Though dark and broad the Atlantic rolls,
Between their parted feet :
For written words, with boundless range,
Thoughts, feelings, prayers, can interchange,
And once a year join Britain's shore
To kindred Labrador.

9 Then at the vessel's glad return,
The absent meet again ;
At home our hearts within us burn,
To trace the cunning pen,
Whose strokes, like rays from star to star,
Bring happy messages from far,
And once a year to Britain's shore
Join Christian Labrador.

PART III.

10 O Thou, in whom we all are one,
If faithful found and true,
Thy will on earth by each be done,
As each in heaven would do:
To Thee ourselves we first would give,
Live to Thy glory while we live;
From step to step on Thee rely,
Then in Thy service die.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

For the Jubilee Celebration of the Religious Tract Society, 1848.

PART I.

1 The sunbeams, infinitely small,
In numbers numberless,
Reveal, pervade, illumine all
Nature's void wilderness.

2 But, meeting worlds upon their way,
Wrapt in primeval night,
In language without sound, they say
To each—"*God sends you light.*"

3 Anon, with beauty, life and love,
Those wandering planets glow,
And shine themselves, as stars above,
On gazers from below.

4 Oh ! could the first Archangel's eye,
In everlasting space,
Through all the mazes of the sky,
A single sunbeam trace !

5 He might behold the lonely one
Its destiny fulfil,
As punctual as the parent-sun
Performs its Maker's will.

PART II.

6 The Sun of Righteousness, with rays
Of uncreated light,
His power and glory thus displays
Through Nature's darkest night.

7 The night of guilt, remorse, despair,
In which transgressors roam,
Yet, self-bewilder'd everywhere,
Never draw nearer home.

8 On such, with healing in His wings,
Along their downward path,
Guidance and help His rising brings,
And warns to flee from wrath.

9 Rays from that Sun of Righteousness,
Our humble missiles dart ;
Mighty at once to wound and bless,
To break and bind the heart.

10 Tracts, those swift messengers of peace
For men, with GOD at strife,
To Satan's slaves proclaim release,
To Death's condemn'd-ones, life.

11 Not with the excellence of speech,
But by the Spirit of Truth,
The doctrines of the Cross they preach
To manhood, age, and youth.

12 They flash the terrors of the LORD,
To make the scorner fear,
But speak the Gospel's sweetest word
In the poor sinner's ear.

13 Oh! could the first Archangel's sight
The least of these pursue,
He might record,—in its brief flight,
Each had a work to do.

14 A work of grace, a work of power,
But, what *that* was below,
Time's *last*, Eternity's *first* hour
To heaven and earth will show.

15 O Ye! who send these heralds forth—
By millions bid them fly,—
From east to west, from south to north,
As sunbeams fill the sky.

HYMN CCLXXV.

For the Jubilee of the Religious Tract Society, 1848.

1 PROCLAIM the year of Jubilee;
New songs of glory sing;
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
Your gratulations bring.

2 Through fifty years the constant sun,
On his untiring race,
Round the blue firmament hath run,
Since that first day of grace :—

3 When tracts, on embassies of love,
By our forefathers sent,
Charged with glad tidings from above,
Into all nations went.

4 Now, by the Spirit of the LORD,
With bounty unconfined,
The eternal riches of His Word
Are dealt to all mankind.

5 Tracts have the gift of tongues ; they preach
Through every peopled land,
In all the forms of human speech,
What all may understand :—

6 Salvation in that Holy Name,
Which heaven and earth adore,
CHRIST JESUS, yesterday the same,
To-day, and evermore.

7 Tracts have the wings of angels, spread
To waft the joyful sound
Of resurrection from the dead,
Where'er the curse is found :—

8 The primal curse from Adam's fall,
Sin's wages, and sin's doom,
The bitterness of life, and all
The terrors of the tomb.

9 What scale of numbers, grasp of thought,
What power of words could speak
The miracles of mercy wrought
By instruments so weak?

10 Weak, but almighty at His will,
Who speaks, and it is done;
With whom, to purpose and fulfil,
The will and power are one.

11 In the Lamb's Book of Life, alone
Those annals lie, in sight
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
—*Whose* deeds can bear that light?

12 Can *ours*, who, where our fathers trod,
Along this narrow way,
Would work like them, the works of God,
Like them, would watch and pray?

13 Bound in the same sure covenant,
Let us, their children, be;
And, Lord, that we may keep it, grant
The mind which was in Thee.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

The Poor praying for Bread in Time of Scarcity.

1 To God most awful and most high,
Who form'd the earth, the sea, the sky;
To Him on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.

2 Will He who hears the ravens cry,
Reject our prayers, and bid us die ?
Will He refuse His keep to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field ?

3 Pale famine lifts at His command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land ;
The harvests perish at her breath,
Her train are want, disease, and death.

4 But when He smiles the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs ;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.

5 Father of grace whom we adore,
Bless Thy large family—the poor ;
The poor on Thee alone depend,
Continue Thou the poor man's friend.

6 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain ;
Meanwhile, by Thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

God cares for Birds and Flowers.—Luke, xii. 24—27.

1 Flowers grow in sweet societies,
O'er meadow, hill, and dale ;
Mingle their colours to our eyes,
Their perfumes in the gale.

2 Sprung from the dust, they rise above
The meanness of their birth ;
They look to heaven, and yet they love
To beautify the earth.

3 Not birds more duly build and sing,
Nor stars in turn appear,
Than these their splendid legions bring,
To crown and close the year.

4 They toil not, neither do they spin,
And yet their Maker's will,
Exempt from sorrow, as from sin,
They live but to fulfil.

5 Ah ! thus might He that made us, see
Our Sabbath Schools increase ;
And while we dwell in unity,
In Him may we have peace ;—

6 Like flowers from Him receive, dispense
The fragrance of His grace ;
And when, like flowers, transplanted hence,
May fairer fill our place.

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

For a wet Harvest Season.

We lift our eyes, our hands, to Thee,
Our knees, our souls, to Thee we bend ;
Father of all earth's family,
The appointed weeks of harvest send.

2 The ground, Thy table, is full-spread
With food to nourish man and beast,
Hast Thou prepared the children's bread,
And wilt Thou now forbid the feast ?

3 Summer and winter, day and night,
Seed-time and harvest Thou hast will'd ;
And dew and rain, and warmth and light,
Have each their gracious work fulfill'd.

4 Shall whelming floods the hopes destroy
Of those who in Thy promise trust ?
Shall storms prevent the reaper's joy,
And lay his confidence in dust ?

5 O bid the winds and waters cease,
The lowering firmament unshroud ;
Think on Thy covenant of peace,
Look on Thy bow,—'tis in the cloud !

6 We fall adoring at Thy feet,
Our prayer is heard, the veil is riven ;
With pure heart-offerings let us eat
The bread that cometh down from heaven.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

Thanksgiving for Harvest.

1 The God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgivings, raise
Hand, heart, and voice ;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,

The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Of food for man and beast,
JEHOVAH spreads a feast,
Above, beneath :
Ye herds and flocks, draw near,
Fowls, ye are welcome here ;
His goodness crowns the year
For all that breathe.

3 Garden and orchard ground,
Autumnal fruits have crown'd,
The vintage glows :
Here plenty pours her horn ;
There the full tide of corn,
Sway'd by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

4 The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done ;
Wouldst thou be fed ?
Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst plough,
GOD sends thee bread.

5 Thy few seeds scatter'd wide,
His hand hath multiplied ;
Here thou may'st find
CHRIST'S miracle renew'd ;
With self-producing food,
He feeds a multitude,—
He feeds mankind.

6 The GOD of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along ;
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the LORD.

7 Yea, bless His Holy Name,
And your souls' thanks proclaim
Through all the earth :
To glory in your lot
Is comely ;—but be not
His benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

HYMN CCLXXX.

Heart-Searching.—Jeremiah, viii. 20.

1 Is summer ended,—harvest past,
And I not saved ?—GOD of grace,
Thy covenant yet standeth fast,
Still Thy command is—"Seek my face."

2 Ah ! now or never may I call
On Thy great Name, through CHRIST, Thy Son ;
This hour, this moment, I might fall,—
Fall, and for ever be undone.

3 Save, LORD, I perish !—hear my cry ;
I walk in darkness,—Thou art light ;

Shine forth upon my spirit's eye,
Faith, that outsees the eye of sight.

4 Faint, yet pursuing, I lay hold
On Thy sure Word, which cannot fail;
Through weakness strong, by fear made bold,
I plead that Word, and must prevail.

5 Thine own Almightiness is mine,
When wrestling thus in prayer with Thee;
Through CHRIST'S atonement, I am Thine;
Now let me Thy salvation see.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

"*O Lord! I beseech Thee, deliver my Soul.*—Ps. cxvi. 4.

1 O TAKE away this evil heart;
This heart of unbelief renew;
So prone, so eager to depart
From Thee, the living GOD and true.

2 O crucify this carnal mind,
'Tis enmity, my GOD, to Thee;
I cannot love Thee, till I find
The mind that was in CHRIST in me.

3 O sanctify this sinful soul;
Health to the dying leper give;
Thou, if Thou wilt, canst make me whole;
Speak but the word, and I shall live.

4 O disenthrall this captive will,
(Free only when Thou mak'st it free,)
That I may glory to fulfil
Thy perfect law of liberty.

5 Then, though through life, a worm of earth,
In death returning to the clod,
I shall become, by second birth,
An heir of heaven, a child of GOD.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

The Harvest of two Worlds.—John, iv. 33.

1 LIFT up your eyes, look round;
The fields to harvest white,
Are bow'd, and shaking to the ground;
Where soon must perish quite,
The sower's seed, the tiller's toil,
The husbandman's abortive trust,
Whose crops ungather'd load the soil,
Down trodden to the dust:
For wide the fields are spread, and far,
And few, and weak, the labourers are.

2 LORD of the Harvest! now,
Send faithful labourers forth,
To wield the sickle, guide the plough,
Where east, west, south, and north,
Far as the fields of life are spread,
The scythe of Time, at Death's stern doom,
Is reaping harvests for the dead,
To crowd the garner-tomb:
LORD! LORD! a precious remnant save
From death—from death beyond the grave.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

The Effect of Gospel Blessings.

1 As from the winter sky,
When keen the tempests blow,
O'er fields that waste and barren lie,
Descends the softening snow;

2 Not with ice-binding cold
To chill the stubborn soil,
But crumble and prepare the mould
To meet the plougher's toil.

3 Then dew, rain, thunder-showers,
With milk and honey feed
The infant family of flowers,
And nurse the sower's seed.

4 Till autumn-sunshine bland,
The grateful ground receives,
And harvest-moonlight, o'er the land,
Brings home the reaper's sheaves:—

5 Thus, in the reign of grace,
Come gospel-blessings down,
And where they fall or shine, the place
With love, joy, peace, they crown.

6 God's word, His will performs,
And in this world, destroy'd
By sin and death, through calms or storms,
Returns not to Him void.

7 May our great union-field,
Where precious seed is sown,
Harvests of souls in season yield
To gather round His throne.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

A Bygone Year.

"*For who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto Me? saith the Lord.*"—Jer. xxx. 21.

1 A YEAR, another year is fled;
Its issues who can tell?
Millions of voices of the dead
Reply from heaven or hell.

2 All these were living at the birth
Of the departed year;
They all have vanish'd from the earth,
We fill their places here.

3 Though to the eye, the ear, the mind
Of man their speech is seal'd,
The eternal meaning each may find,
In two plain words reveal'd.

4 Lost spirits, from the dark abyss,
Cry mournfully "*Beware!*"
Spirits in glory, and in bliss,
Sing joyfully "*Prepare!*"

5 Thus timely warned, and moved with fear,
Of wrath, let us beware;
For life or death, in this new year,
For earth and heaven prepare.

6 Who then of those with us, this day
In childhood, youth, or age,
"To love the LORD our GOD" can say
"We all our hearts engage."

HYMN CCLXXXV.

For a Female Friendly Society.

1 OUR soul shall magnify the LORD,
In Him our spirit shall rejoice;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.

2 Since He regards our low estate,
And hears His handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at Mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turn'd away.

3 The poor are His peculiar care,
To them His promises are sure;
His gifts the poor in spirit share:
O may we always thus be poor!

4 GOD of our hope, to Thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow, Thou,
The Father of the fatherless.

5 May we the law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer, and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.

6 Didst Thou not give Thy Son to die,
For our transgressions, in our stead ?
And can Thy goodness aught deny
To those for whom Thy Son hath bled ?

7 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever, firm and free ;
At Thy right-hand may we be one,
One with each other, and with Thee.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

Hymn for the Opening of the Sheffield General Infirmary, October, 1797.

1 When, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourn'd here,
Where'er He went Affliction fled,
And Sickness rear'd her drooping head.

2 The eye that roll'd in irksome night
Beheld His face, for He was light ;
The opening ear, the loosen'd tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

3 Demoniac Madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled ;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lighten'd through his soul.

4 His touch the outcast leper heal'd,
His lips the sinner's pardon seal'd ;
The palsied frame, the crippled limb,
Felt Virtue going forth from Him.

5 Behold Him in the wilderness,
He lifts His hand the bread to bless;
And while the fainting multitude
Look'd up to Him, gave all their food.

6 In Him with man's infirmity,
The fulness of the Godhead see,
Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed,
Then spake the word that raised the dead.

7 Through paths of loving-kindness brought,
May all our work in Him be wrought;
In His great Name, let us dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

8 Hark! the sweet voice of pity calls
Misfortune to these hallow'd walls;
The breaking heart, and burthen'd breast,
And helpless Poverty distrest.

9 Here the whole family of woe
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know;
The blasted form and shipwreck'd mind,
Shall here a tranquil haven find.

10 And Thou, dread Power! whose sovereign breath,
Is health or sickness, life or death,
Send Thine abundant blessing down,
And with success our labours crown.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

For the Molyneux Hospital, Dublin.

1 FATHER of light, and life, and love,
Thyself to us reveal,
As saints below and saints above
Thy sacred presence feel.

2 Not with the eye of mortal sense,
By angels round the throne,
Or happy souls departed hence,
Art Thou in glory known.

3 No sun by day, no moon by night,
For this our spirits need,
Who walk by faith, and not by sight,
They feel Thee nigh indeed.

4 Light in Thy light the blind may see,
No more by sin estranged ;
Light in the LORD, so let us be,
Into Thine image changed.

5 Since Thou Thyself dost still display
Unto the pure in heart ;
O make us, children of the day,
To know Thee as Thou art.

6 For Thou art light, and life, and love ;
And Thy redeem'd below
May see Thee, as Thy saints above,
And know Thee as they know.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

For a Sermon before a Society for the Recovery of Persons apparently Drowned.

1 When Israel, press'd by Pharaoh, stood,
Affrighted, on the Red Sea shore,
At Thy rebuke, O Lord, the flood
Retired,—the ransom'd tribes pass'd o'er.

2 When Jonah was cast out to die,
And all Thy storms went o'er his head,
Thou, from the depths didst hear his cry,
And raise him thence as from the dead.

3 When Peter, walking on the wave,
Felt his faith fail, his footsteps sink,
Thy blessed Son was there to save,
And snatch'd him from destruction's brink.

4 Within Thy courts, great God, behold
A little grateful band appear;
O'er these the whelming waters roll'd,
But help was nigh, and they are here.

5 Here, in Thy courts, their vows to pay,
And praise Thee with their living breath;
Where had their spirits been this day,
Hadst Thou not rescued them from death?

6 Redeem'd from the devouring tomb,
Restored to life, and joy, and bliss;
O save them from a deeper gloom,
And to a happier world than this.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

For a Day of Humiliation during the Prevalence of the Cholera.

1 Let the land mourn through all its coasts,
The king lay by his state ;
Princes and rulers, at their posts,
Awhile sit desolate.

2 Let priests and people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great, and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of woe,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summon'd from his place
Death, in a direr form,
To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
Than earthquake, fire, or storm.

4 Let Churches weep within their pale,
And families apart ;
Let each in secresy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

5 So, while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy, tempering wrath, bring in
Not health alone, but peace :—

6 The peace of God, which passeth thought,
Keep every heart and mind,
Till all, by this affliction taught,
Be to His will resign'd.

HYMN CCXC.

During the Cholera.—Confession and Supplication.

1 It is the Lord!—Behold His hand
Outstretch'd with an afflictive rod;
And hark! a voice goes through the land,
"Be still, and know that I am God."

2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades our darker fears?
For who His coming may abide?
Or who shall stand when He appears?

3 No,—let us throng around His seat;
No,—let us meet Him face to face,
Prostrate our spirits at his feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain His judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath?

5 He will, He will, for Jesus pleads:
Let heaven and earth His love record;
For us, for us, He intercedes;
Our help is nigh:—it is the Lord!

6 Into His hands then let us fall,
Come health or sickness, life or death;
Whether He send us balm for gall,
Or immortality for breath.

HYMN CCXCI.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance from the Cholera.

1 Walking on the wingëd wind,
Fear before Him, Death behind ;
When the Lord came down in wrath,
Clouds and darkness girt His path.

2 Thence abroad His arrows flew,
Thick and fast they smote and slew ;
We in dust and ashes lay,
None could help,—but all could pray.

3 Fervent prayer had power with God,
Caught the lightnings on its rod,
Faith and hope, amidst our bands,
Holding up its weary hands.

4 Prayer prevail'd amidst despair,
God delights to honour prayer ;
Judgment laid its terrors by,
Mercy beam'd o'er earth and sky.

5 Now be sorrow turned to song,
Let the bruised reed grow strong,
Smoking flax break forth and blaze,
Prayer transform itself to praise.

6 Let the living now record
All the goodness of the Lord ;
Him let the redeem'd adore,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

HXMN CCXCII.

Thanksgiving for the Removal of the Cholera from Sheffield, 1832.

1 Sing Hallelujah ; sing
Glory to God alone !
Bring your oblations, bring
Thank-offerings to the throne ;
Take words of joy, of comfort take,
Awake to love, to life awake.

2 The Lord put forth His hand,
He touch'd us and we died ;
Vengeance went through the land,
But mercy walk'd beside ;
He heard our prayers ; He saw our tears,
And stay'd the plague, and quell'd our fears.

3 What shall we give to Thee ?
O Thou, whose purer eyes
Behold iniquity
In man's best sacrifice ?
Ourselves we give, but rest our claim
On Christ, and know none other Name.

4 For Jesus' sake forgive
Thy people, Lord, and spare,
To Him and Thee to live,
For Thine and His we are ;
Thy quickening Spirit gave us breath,
Thy Son, by death, has conquer'd death.

HYMN CCXCIII.

On laying the Foundation Stone of a Church.

1 Heaven as a tent Thine hand display'd,
Thy word the earth on nothing hung;
Thy power upholds what Thou hast made;
Thy praise, Lord God, by all be sung.

2 Though small amidst the glorious space,
Where suns and stars Thy might proclaim,
To Thee we consecrate this place,
Here we record Thy Holy Name.

3 A temple built with hands, to Thee
For children's children here shall rise;
O may their ceaseless worship be,
Pure offerings, free-will sacrifice.

4 Now to the prayer of faith attend,
Thou God who answerest by fire;
An earnest of the Spirit send,
Enlarge, fulfil, surpass desire.

HYMN CCXCIV.

On laying the Foundation Stone of a Church.

1 The ground on which this day we stand,
Holy henceforth shall be,
For thus, Lord God of sea and land,
Thine own we render Thee.

2 Maker and Builder Thou, of all
Around us and above,

On Thine Almighty Name we call
To crown our work of love.

3 If, moved by Thee, in dust we lay
A true foundation here,
Though heaven and earth must pass away,
Thy counsel shall appear.

4 An earthly temple to Thy praise,
Our labouring hands would pile:
Do Thou a spiritual temple raise,
Within its walls, the while.

5 Of living stones that temple frame,
Founded on CHRIST alone,
Inscribed with His exalted name,
By all men read and known.

6 From thence, as time and tide roll by,
May ransom'd souls ascend,
Safe in their Father's home on high,
Eternity to spend.

HYMN CCXCV.

On the Consecration of a Church.

1 NOT in Jerusalem alone,
GOD hears and answers prayer,
Nor on Samaria's mountain known,
Dispenses blessings there.

2 True worshippers may now draw nigh,
Sinners may seek His face,
Assured to meet His ear and eye,
All times, in every place.

3 Hence in the secrecy of thought
Our silent souls may pray,
Or round the household altar brought
Begin and close the day.

4 Yet, meet it is, and right, and good,
Where He records His Name,
To mingle with the multitude,
And His high praise proclaim.

5 There, while the LORD their GOD they bless,
And He shines forth on them,
His Church appears in holiness,
Their new Jerusalem.

6 Then let us consecrate to Him,
These walls with love and fear,
God dwelt between the cherubim,
May GOD in CHRIST dwell here.

HYMN CCXCVI.

On laying the Foundation Stone of a Place of Worship.

1 A SURE and tried foundation stone,
LORD GOD, in Zion Thou hast laid;
Grounded and fix'd on CHRIST alone,
Thy Church shall flourish undismay'd.

2 In vain the gates of hell assail,
Impregnable is her defence;
The rock of ages cannot fail,
Nor winds, nor floods, remove her thence.

3 We build an earthly temple here ;
Behold the work with favouring eye,
And when our hands the top-stone rear,
"Grace, grace unto it," be the cry.

4 Then, by the Spirit of Thy might,
Come with the Gospel's joyful sound,
And here reveal'd in Thine own light,
Be Thou by all who seek Thee found.

5 LORD ! we have loved Thy dwelling-place,
Thy Mercy-seat with men below,
Here then, to all who seek Thy face,
From age to age Thy goodness show.

HYMN CCXCVII.

For the Opening of a Place of Worship.

1 NOT here, as to the prophet's eye,
The LORD upon His throne appears ;
Nor seraphim responsive cry,
"Holy ! thrice holy ! " in our ears.

2 Yet GOD is present in this place,
Veil'd in serener majesty,
So full of glory, truth, and grace,
That faith alone such light can see.

3 Nor, as He in the temple taught,
Is CHRIST beneath this roof reveal'd,
When blind, and deaf, and dumb, were brought,
Lepers and lame,—and all were heal'd.

4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,
Or thronging multitudes are found,
All may sit down at JESUS' feet,
And hear and know the joyful sound.

5 Send forth the seraphim, O LORD!
To touch Thy servants' lips with fire;
Saviour! give them Thy faithful word;
GOD, Holy Ghost! their hearts inspire.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

On Commencing a Church and Cemetery.

1 FATHER of glory, GOD of grace!
An house of prayer to Thee we build;
Oft may the consecrated place,
Be with Thy grace and glory fill'd.

2 LORD of the living and the dead,
When here the dead and living meet,
The fullness of Thy blessing shed,
On all who seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 While those who sleep in JESUS, rest
In kindred dust and ashes near,
This thought—their souls in heaven are blest!
The hearts of mourning friends shall cheer.

4 They lived by faith, in hope they died,
The Cross behind their Saviour bore,
And in His footsteps trod, to guide
Their followers where He trod before.

5 We live,—Oh! let the living praise
The goodness that prolongs our breath;
We die,—die daily; all our days
Be preparation-days for death.

6 Come, then, that end of mortal strife,
We on CHRIST'S faithful word rely,—
"The Resurrection and the Life!"
Who trust in Him shall never die.

HYMN CCXCIX.

For the Opening of a Place of Public Worship.

1 BEHOLD yon bright array,
Before the sapphire throne;
There, young nor old, nor rich nor poor,
There, bond nor free, are known.

2 At once they strike their lyres,
At once break off,—and all,
With trembling joy, and silent love,
In adoration fall.

3 Whate'er their lot below,
As fellow-heirs of bliss,
In heaven their services are one:
Let earth be heaven in this.

4 As brethren, thus may we
Worship with one accord;
In stillness wait, in prayer bow down,
Stand up, and bless the LORD.

5 As pilgrims on their way,
Thousands these courts shall fill,
And travel on from strength to strength,
Abreast to Zion's hill.

6 May all those pilgrims meet,
When faith is changed to sight
Where the LORD GOD Himself shall be
The temple and the light :—

7 Where on the sea of glass,
The ransom'd nations sing,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Eternal glory bring.

HYMN CCC.

On laying the Foundation Stone of a Place for Worship.

1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, LORD, to Thee ;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, Thou, in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive !

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly king,
When children's voices raise that song ;
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed JEHOVAH deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, LORD, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

HYMN CCCI.

On Opening a Place for Worship.

1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here an house of prayer and praise ;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed,
With thy Word, the heavenly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

HYMN CCCII.

For the Opening of an Organ.

1 The morning stars in concert sang,
When God created heaven and earth ;
And earth and heaven with music rang,
When angels hail'd Messiah's birth.

2 From Eden to the King of kings,
In sinless man's primeval days,
The voices of all living things,
All nature's sounds, were notes of praise.

3 When Adam by transgression fell,
Concord to dissonance was changed,
And strife, the element of hell,
The young world's harmony deranged.

4 Nor ever, since His Sabbath-rest,
When the great Maker from the skies,
His finish'd works beheld and bless'd,
Have songs of glory ceased to rise.

5 Where two or three in union meet,
Or thousands throng the house of prayer,
Heart-melodies, thanksgivings sweet,
And faithful vows are offer'd there.

6 Now, with all instruments in one,
All spirits tuned to one accord,
Our prayer be this,—"Thy will be done;"
And this our anthem,—"Praise the LORD!"

HYMN CCCIII.

On the Preparation of a Burial Ground.

1 WE plan foundations for the dead,
But lay the earliest stone to Thee,
Who, as the whole Creation's Head,
Alone hast immortality.

2 For in, and through, and over all,
Extends Thy universal reign;
We know the heaven of heavens too small,
Thy power and glory to contain.

3 In Sinai's howling wilderness,
Of old Thy presence deign'd to dwell;
The Tabernacle stood to bless,
And guard the tents of Israel.

4 So on this yet unpeopled plot,
Whither the living shall repair,
And thronging graves surround the spot,
To Thee shall rise an house of prayer.

5 Watch o'er this sanctuary keep,
And oh! may all who slumber here,
Redeem'd from sin in JESUS sleep,
Till He who is their life appear.

6 As in His rock-hewn sepulchre,
Where man had never lain before,
Thy Son once rested,—we inter
Our kindred, seen on earth no more.

7 Then, at the last loud trumpet's breath,
When quick and dead before Him stand.
Saved from both first and second death,
May these be found on his right-hand.

HYMN CCCIV.

For the Opening of a Chapel and Sunday School.

1 HALLOW'D be this humble spot,
Like the place of Jacob's bed;
GOD was there, he knew it not,
Till heaven open'd o'er his head.

2 Angels travell'd through his dream,
Time unveil'd eternity;
Then came forth a voice from Him,
Whom no living eye can see.

3 "I am GOD,—thy father's GOD,
I will bless thee and increase,
Give the land which thou hast trod,
To thy seed, and send them peace."

4 Not in visions of the night,
GOD of Jacob! on our way,
But in noon of Gospel light,
Here Thy power and grace display.

5 Here, though prayer, since time begun,
Never have been made before,
Now be prayer from sire to son,
Made till time shall be no more.

6 Oft on embassies of love,
Be descending angels sent,
And returning spread above
Joy o'er sinners that repent.

7 Here the children's angels see
Little ones to JESUS brought,
In Thy nurture train'd for Thee,
By Thine admonition taught.

8 While Thy ministers declare
All the counsel of Thy will,
LORD, Thy people's hearts prepare
Every precept to fulfil.

9 Here, when all that live are dead,
And the unborn supply their place,
Age by age, may souls be led,
In this house, to seek Thy face.

HYMN CCCV.

On the Appointment of a Minister.—Phil. ii. 29.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the Name
Of JESUS, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant, so He came,
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman ; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky ;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from GOD,
Charged His whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

HYMN CCCVI.

For a Meeting of Ministers.

1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
LORD, Thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee ;
Saviour, like stars in Thy right-hand,
The angels of the Churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :—

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign ;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God ! may they and we be Thine.

HYMN CCCVII.

On the Death of a Minister.

1 Rest from thy labours, rest,
Soul of the just set free !
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Now toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place,
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Christ, into Thy hands,
Our pastor we resign ;
And now we wait Thy own commands,—
We were not *his*, but *Thine*.

4 Thou art Thy Church's Head,
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead,—
To Thee we lift our eye ;—

5 On Thee our hopes depend,
We gather round our Rock ,
Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

HYMN CCCVIII.

On the Death of a Minister, cut off in his Vigour.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power ;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labour cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done ;
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crown'd;
Thy form may perish, and thine honours be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground;—

4 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While safe, as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall, till the Judgment-day, in JESUS sleep.

5 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In Death's embraces, ere He rose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

6 Go to the grave;—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the LORD,
Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written Word.

HYMN CCCIX.

Prayer for an Aged Minister.

1 A BLESSING on our pastor's head,
LORD GOD, we fervently implore;
On him this day a blessing shed,
For life, for death, for evermore.

2 For all that Thou in him hast wrought,
For all that Thou by him hast done,

Our warmest, purest thanks be brought,
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD, Thy Son.

3 To Thee he gave his flower of youth,
To Thee his manhood's fruit he gave,
The herald of life-giving truth,
Dead souls from deathless death to save.

4 Forsake him not in his old age,
But while his Master's Cross he bears,
Faith be his staff on pilgrimage,
A crown of glory his grey hairs.

5 With holier zeal his heart enlarge,
Though strength decay, and sight grow dim,
That we, the people of his charge,
May glorify Thy grace in him.

6 So, when his warfare here shall cease,
By suffering perfected in love,
His ransom'd soul shall join in peace
The Church of the first-born above.

HYMN CCCX.

On a Minister's Jubilee.

1 HALLELUJAH! heart and voice,
Yielding all the praise to Thee,
LORD, the flock would now rejoice
In their shepherd's jubilee.

2 Hallelujah ! heart and voice,
When the day of GOD they see,
All CHRIST'S sheep will thus rejoice,
At his own great jubilee.

3 Hallelujah ! hear and voice,
Then in heaven one fold shall be,
And one Shepherd,—to rejoice
In eternal jubilee.

HYMN CCCXI.

On the Death of an aged Minister.

1 SERVANT of GOD, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ !
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

5 It was a two-edged blade
Of heavenly temper, keen ;

And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.

6 'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

7 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.

8 Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

9 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy GOD prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,—

10 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

11 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

12 Soldier of CHRIST, well done!
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

HYMN CCCXII.

Appeal from Poor Children.

1 Friends of the poor, the young, the weak,
Regard our humble train ;
Compassion at your hands we seek ;
Shall children plead in vain ?

2 Were you not children once ?—Renew
The time when young as we ;
Think of the friends that nourish'd you,
And hearken to our plea.

3 Are there not feelings from above,
In every heart that reign ?
The pulse, the voice, the look of love ;—
Shall Nature plead in vain ?

4 Have you no dear ones round your hearth,
As weak and young as we ?
Think, if like ours had been *their* birth,
Could you resist the plea ?

5 Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
For man's redemption slain ?
Behold that Saviour in our place ;—
Shall Jesus plead in vain ?

6 No ;—by His early griefs and tears,
When poor and young as we ;
By all His woes in after years,
Accept your Saviour's plea.

HYMN CCCXIII.

The Erection of a Sunday School.

1 A CHILDREN'S temple here we build,
And consecrate it, LORD, to Thee;
In hope, that with Thy presence fill'd,
These humble walls henceforth may be.

2 When CHRIST, Thy Holy Child, was born,
He had not where to lay His head;
Though King of kings, He did not scorn
The meanness of a manger-bed.

3 He, who the throne of glory shares,
Came down, that we, through sovereign love,
Might be GOD'S children, and GOD'S heirs,
Joint-heirs with Him in bliss above.

4 And is He not to-day the same,
And deigns He not to visit there,
Where two or three, in His great Name,
Are met for worship, praise, and prayer?

5 Ah! yes, where simple souls are taught
To know and do His Father's will,
Or infants to His arms are brought,
He welcomes all, and blesses still.

6 Come, Holy Ghost! while we draw nigh,
Such life and power to us afford,
That each may "Abba, Father!" cry,
And young and old call JESUS, LORD.

HYMN CCCXIV.

The Happiness of those who walk with Christ.

1 Happy the child, who early makes
The path of duty his delight,
The way of wickedness forsakes,
And walks as in his Maker's sight.

2 Happy the youth, whose soul hath found
Pardon and favour with the Lord;
True riches shall to him abound,
True pleasures spring from God's word.

3 Happy the man, who trusts in Thee,
Christ, our Redeemer, strong to save,
Thy love through life his bliss shall be,
In death his hope beyond the grave.

4 Thrice happy they, who thus are taught
To seek salvation here below,
And young or old, determined naught,
Save Jesus crucified, to know.

HYMN CCCXV.

The Souls of Children ransomed by the Death of Christ.

1 Lord Jesus Christ, the children's Friend,
On us lift up Thy gracious hands,
And from Thy holy temple send
Blessings on our united bands.

2 How precious in Thy Father's sight
Were children's souls, when Thee He gave,
His only Son, His heart's delight,
From hell to heaven those souls to save!

3 What love to them, what love was Thine,
Meek Lamb of GOD, when Thou didst give
Thy soul, a sacrifice divine,
Dying Thyself that they might live!

4 Nor less the Holy Spirit's grace,
When by His light He Thee reveals,
As though they saw Thee face to face,
And them as heirs of glory seals.

5 Are children's souls of such high price?
With grief and gladness may we see,
How sad their loss in Paradise,
How great their gain on Calvary.

6 Our own no longer, Thine thy are,
In mercy bind them to Thy Cross;
Safe only from the tempter there,
From second death and endless loss.

HYMN CCCXVI.

Poor Children praying for Grace.

1 O LORD our GOD, Thy light and truth
To us Thy children send,
hat we may serve Thee in our youth,
And love Thee to the end.

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wandering heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to GOD.

3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain,
They teach us, LORD, to seek Thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in Thy wings!

5 Arise,—and o'er this vale of tears,
Shine into perfect day,
Still heavenward, through progressive years,
Pointing the Christian's way.

HYMN CCCXVII.

Youth resolving by Vows and Prayer to serve the Lord.

1 YOUTH, health, and strength are ours to-day,
And years to come in prospect lie;
But youth, health, strength, must soon decay,
This year—this moment, we may die.

2 Brought to the altar of the LORD,
Eternal enmity, we now
To sin and Satan would record;
To CHRIST eternal homage vow.

3 LORD, to Thyself our spirits draw,
Bind our affections with Thy love;
Incline our hearts to keep Thy law,
And fix our hopes on things above.

4 The fragrance, dew, and flower of youth,
The health and strength of Nature's prime,
We here present;—Oh! Thine in truth
Be all our talents, all our time.

5 Heavenward our course on earth be bent,
Where'er our future lot is cast;
And life, thus well and wisely spent,
Be pure and holy to the last.

HYMN CCCXVIII.

The Heart given to God in acknowledgment of His Blessings.

PART I.

1 OUR parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
We love and hold most dear;
For these our Heavenly Father sends
To make us happy here.

2 They feed, they clothe, supply our wants,
And bless us while they live;
But GOD, our Heavenly Father, grants
Blessings they cannot give.

3 We call them ours a little while—
Then one by one departs,

And we no longer see their smile
That won our youthful hearts.

4 Our Heavenly Father cannot die ;
On Him our souls depend ;
We sleep and wake beneath His eye—
He loves us to the end.

5 He gave us being, gave us breath ;
We feel His constant care ;
We're His through life, we're His in death,
His we for ever are.

6 He to His house, not made with hands,
Invites us while we roam,
And at the door our Saviour stands
To bid us welcome home.

PART II.

7 What doth the LORD, on our poor part,
Require us to resign ?
"My son," saith He, "give Me thy heart"
"My daughter ! give Me thine."

8 Let us on this great jubilee,
Answer, "Thy will be done ;
We give up all our hearts to Thee .
Each child now brings Thee one.

9 "Take them, and fill them with Thy love—
Fill till they overflow
With praise to Thee in heaven above,
And prayer for all below.

10 "May every heart on earth's wide face,
Of child or man, be given
To CHRIST, where'er His Word of Grace
Is sounded under heaven!"

HYMN CCCXIX.

Be Clothed with Humility.—I. Peter, v. 5.

1 THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at JESUS' feet:
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for GOD's own temple meet;
Fairest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

HYMN CCCXX.

Prayer for Spiritual Light, Holiness, and Peace.

1 God, o'er all supremely bless'd,
God, in Christ made manifest,
God, the Spirit, one in three;
Make Thy children one with Thee.

2 Let the glory of Thy face
Let the riches of Thy grace,
Let Thine influence benign,
Sanctify and seal us Thine.

3 Thou art power, and love, and light,
By that threefold cord unite
All our schools, with large increase,
In Thy covenant of peace.

4 Then the living, year by year,
Shall recruit our numbers here,
And our dying friends supply
Fresh accessions to the sky.

5 Till, at mortal life's last stage,
Time himself shall die of age,
Death, dethroned, lay down his head
In that grave where lay his dead.

6 Thence may we, in that dread hour,
Rescued from the tyrant's power,
With thy saints arise, and sing
Christ, *Death's Conqueror*, Christ *Our King.*

HYMN CCCXXI.

God the Source of Natural and Spiritual Light.

(For Sunday School Teachers.)

1 GOD said, "Let there be light!"
And light sprang forth, new born;
He spake, 'twas done,—primeval night
Brake into glorious morn.

2 Who then shall dare to say,
"Let there be darkness"—none
But ravening wolves that hate the day,
And owls that fear the sun.

3 Stars, from the solar fount,
Their borrow'd lustre draw;
Moses came radiant from the mount
To teach GOD'S holy law.

4 Warm from the throne of grace,
Where we have learnt His will;
When we go forth, may every face
Express His image still.

5 Light in the LORD are we,
While by His truth we stand,
Reflecting beams of Deity,
Like stars in His right hand.

6 So shall our schools be found
As gardens of the LORD,
And fruits of holiness abound,
Where'er we plant the Word.

HYMN CCCXXII.

For a Sunday School Meeting at Whitsuntide.

1 With heart and soul, with mind and might,
In many a glad and grateful throng,
The aged and the young unite
To sing their Pentecostal song.

2 This day brings sweet remembrances
Of hallow'd seasons gone before,
And pledges greater things than these,
To schools and teachers, still in store.

3 Thus every year bequeaths one day
Of special blessings to record;
With dear companions by the way,
While following on to know the Lord.

4 A gathering here on pilgrimage
Refreshes thousands in their course;
A field-day here gives those who wage
War with the world, redoubled force.

5 Among the annals of the past,
This happiest day let us enrol,
And year by year, while life shall last,
Inscribe a happier on the scroll.

6 Can such a consummation be?—
This day is ours,—the only one;
To spend it for eternity
Will be the good work well begun.

HYMN CCCXXIII.

Unity in Faith, Hope, and Feeling.

1 AROUND the throne of grace we meet,
In Pentecostal bands,
With Christian love each other greet,
And join our hearts and hands.

2 Now all as one, and one as all,
Faith, feelings, hopes the same,
On our LORD JESUS CHRIST we call,
And glorify His name.

3 At once upon ten thousand flowers,
The morning sunbeams strike,
Millions of blades of grass—Spring showers
Baptize from heaven alike.

4 So may the Sun of Righteousness
On our assembly shine,
And showers of consolation bless
Our souls with peace divine.

5 Hence, when we to our homes return,
Rejoicing let us say,
"Did not our hearts within us burn,
While CHRIST went all our way?"

HYMN CCCXXIV.

Sabbath School Union.

1 On earth we meet again below ;
But shall we ever meet above,
And all our souls together flow
In one eternal tide of love ?

2 Some meet who never met before ;
We bid them welcome on their way :
And some may part to join no more
The children's Whitsuntide array.

3 While the whole world before us lies,
May each, whate'er our pilgrim-path,
Be truly taught, and timely wise
To follow peace, and flee from wrath :—

4 That wrath, which disobedience brought
On Adam's sin-born progeny ;
That peace, which our Redeemer bought,
With His own blood, upon the tree.

5 So be this temple to the Lord,
This Sabbath Union, which we build
Of living stones, upon His Word,
With His perpetual presence fill'd.

6 Death-partings, then, from earth shall be
Life-meetings in that world above,
Where life is immortality,—
An immortality of love.

HYMN CCCXXV.

Children singing Hosanna to Christ.

1 Hosanna be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom their souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosannas now be heard;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna here, in joyful bands,
Maidens and youths proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
The Son of David's name.

4 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

5 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

6 The city to the country call;
Let realm with realm accord;
And this their watchword one and all;
Hosanna—praise the Lord!

7 Hosanna, then, our song shall be ;
Hosanna to our King ;
This is the children's jubilee ;
Let all the children sing.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

Children recalling Christ's Example and His Love.

1 When Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like Him, may we be found below
In Wisdom's paths of peace !
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Jesus pass'd by the rich and great,
For men of low degree ;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor, like them, was He.

4 Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round Him press'd ;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd.

5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms,
May we for ever lie.

6 When JESUS into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

7 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King;
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

8 For we have learn'd to love His Name:
That Name divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

Children acknowledging the Providence and Goodness of God.

1 THE children's angels always view
Their Heavenly Father's face;
His joyful messengers and true,
In Providence and Grace:—

2 To guard our feeble steps; to keep
From harm our living breath,
Watch o'er our senses while we sleep,
And waft us home in death.

3 But not to angels' care alone
Poor children are consign'd;
To GOD Himself our wants are known,
The LORD to us is kind.

4 Yes ;—every comfort here below,
And every hope above ;
All that we have and are, we owe
To His unfailing love.

5 Then let us act as in His sight,
And on our humble way
Walk in the liberty of light,
As children of the day.

6 Young though we be and in the prime
Of life's unfolding powers,
Of all the moments of our time,
This, only this is ours.

7 We seize it, LORD, before 'tis past ;
We yield ourselves to Thee ;
Thine be our earliest years, our last,
And our eternity.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

Children numbering their Days.

1 THE pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will to Thine resign'd
GOD of all power impart.

2 Young though in years we be,
In health and spirits strong ;
What is the life of man to Thee ?
The longest is not long.

3 A thousand years, a day,
Are equal in Thy sight ;
Our generations pass away,
Like watches of the night.

4 Lord, make us timely wise
To know our call of grace ;
And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race :

5 Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside,
Perils, allurements, bonds break through,
Most faithful when most tried !

6 Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else we count but loss ;
Nor till we gain the prize,—our soul,—
Grow weary of the Cross.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

The Government of the Tongue.

1 The tongue, the tongue, with all its powers,
Is Thine who made it, Thine, not ours ;
Lord, teach us early to controul,
That tameless tell-tale of the soul.

2 'Twas with the tongue, the serpent's wile
Did Eve's simplicity beguile ;
'Twas with the tongue fall'n Adam tried,
His guilt behind her sin to hide.

3 The tongue's a sword, a two-edged sword,
To kill or quicken with a word ;
A key to ope and shut the heart,
To lock out knowledge or impart.

4 With it GOD'S glory we proclaim,
With it blaspheme His holy Name ;
Here good and evil strangely meet,
Hence bitter waters flow with sweet.

5 LORD, such confusion should not be ;
Thou art all truth, all equity ;
Pure from Thine hand the creature sprung,
But lost Thine image through the tongue.

6 Through it that image be restored ;
Let tongues of fire that preach Thy Word,
Call, by Thy Holy Spirit's might,
Souls out of darkness into light.

7 Be this our lot :—may heart and tongue
To heavenly harmony be strung,
Till every tone Thy love record,
And every pulse praise Thee the LORD.

HYMN CCCXXX.

Prayer for Preservation from sinful Words.

1 WITH lawless lips, unbridled tongue,
In language, wanton or profane,
Never, good LORD, from us be wrung
A phrase to take Thy Name in vain.

2 For every idle word to Thee,
As each must give a strict account,
Well might we tremble, could we see,
Young as we are, the past amount.

3 Since, not by blasphemy alone,
When sinners curse Thee to Thy face,
A thought, a sign, a look, a tone,
May cast upon Thy Name disgrace.

4 Thy name they also desecrate,
Who read Thy Word, who pray, and praise,
Yet not on Thee in spirit wait,
Nor honour Thee in all their ways.

5 *Thy* Name!—O by our mouth, that word
Be never spoken,—in our heart
Conceived,—or by our ear be heard,
Without remembering who Thou art:—

6 God, from eternity the same,
For ever blessing, ever blest;
Holy and reverend is Thy Name,
Why is it not by all confest?

7 Now, fire from heaven, Thy fire of love,
To scanctify our speech be sent,
Till, gather'd to the Church above,
Pure love shall be our element.

HYMN CCCXXXI.

Scriptural Examples of Piety and Obedience in the Young.

1 Isaac was ransom'd when he lay
Upon the altar bound ;
Moses, an infant cast away,
Pharaoh's own daughter found.

2 Joseph, by his false brethren sold,
God raised above them all ;
To Hannah's child, the Lord foretold,
How Eli's house must fall.

3 David the bear and lion slew
And o'er Gath's champion trod ;
Josiah, from his boyhood, knew
His father David's God.

4 To good Naomi gentle Ruth
Clave with a daughter's soul ;
A little maid reveal'd the truth,
Whence Naaman was made whole.

5 Children are thus Jehovah's care ;
Thus youth may seek His face ;
Since His own Son He did not spare,
With Him He gives all grace :

6 Grace, like the young of whom we read,
Early in Him to trust ;
A Friend in need, a Friend indeed,
As merciful as just.

7 LORD, while like them our course we run,
Be Thou to us that Friend,
And in the footsteps of Thy Son,
Conduct us to the end.

HYMN CCCXXXII.

The Christian Sisterhood.

On the Centenary Celebration of their Establishment, in 1752.

1 ON His pilgrimage of woe,
When our Saviour walk'd below,
He, whose voice awoke the dead,
Had not where to lay His head.

2 Yet, on one sweet hill of rest,
Oft He loved to be a guest,
Where two sister-handmaids dwelt,
In whose home, *at home* He felt.

3 FULNECK-HILL to-day shall be
Our delightful BETHANY;
Dwell, LORD JESUS, where we dwell,
God with us, Immanuel!

4 In our hearts, do Thou appear,
Let our spirits feel Thee here,
Till, call'd hence by Thee, in love,
To THY BETHANY above.

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

On the Death of a Sunday School Teacher.

1 Weep, little children, weep,
A father gone before ;
For those who loved to see his face,
Shall see his face no more.

2 Yet all whom once he taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness he sought,
May him in glory meet.

3 Mourn, youths and maidens, mourn,
Whom like a flock he led
To living streams from Christ the rock,
And in green pastures fed.

4 Walk in his footsteps here,
So, in the heavenly fold,
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
Be you with Him enroll'd.

5 Grieve, fellow teachers, grieve ;
With you he bore the Cross,
And gladly, for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

6 Think with what power he spake,
While tears his words outran,
As though his very heart would break
With love to God and man.

7 His eye, his voice, his hand,
Still marshal you along;
A fearless, firm, united band,
Quit you like men,—be strong!

8 Strong in the LORD was he,
And valiant for the truth;
Go, train your little ones to be,
CHRIST'S soldiers from their youth.

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

Children praising God.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
GOD in whom we move and live,
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
CHRIST, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "GOD is love."

HYMN CCCXXXV.

Christian confidence and stability.

1 I BUILD my house upon a rock,—
Faith's strong foundation firm and sure,
My fix'd abode the heaviest shock
Of time and tempest to endure.

2 Not small, nor large, not low, nor high,
Midway it stands upon the steep,
Beneath the storm-mark of the sky,
Above the flood-work of the deep.

3 And here I humbly wait whilst He
Who pluck'd me from the lowest hell,
Prepares a heavenly house for me,
Then calls me home with Him to dwell.

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

Old and Young praising Jesus together.

1 O COME, let us raise
Our tribute of song;
Thanksgiving and praise
To JESUS belong;—
He came from above
Our bliss to begin,
Make perfect in love,
And free us from sin.

2 The old and the young,
His people by choice,
With heart, soul, and tongue,
In Him may rejoice :—
We meet Him to-day
Triumphantly crown'd,
And welcome His way,
In chorus around.

3 Hosanna !—that word
To children is dear ;
To JESUS our LORD,
We'll echo it here ;—
Let worldlings despise,
And enemies rail,
Hosannas shall rise,
Hosannas prevail.

4 GOD'S temple shall ring,
While under His eye,
Hosanna we sing,
For JESUS draws nigh :
Hosanna ! our breath
Through life shall proclaim ;
Hosanna ! in death,—
In glory, the same !

HYMN CCCXXXVII.

For a Sunday School Anniversary.

1 The brightest morning of the year
Is that which brings the day,
When Sunday Schools assemble here,
Their joyful vows to pay.

2 The loveliest scene that eyes behold,
Is band succeeding band,
Till, fairly form'd with flags unroll'd,
The children's legions stand.

3 The sweetest harmony that floats,
Is, when, o'er hill and dale,
From yonder height, their mingling notes
With rapture swell the gale.

4 The purest bliss that life can know,
Devoid of fear and guile,
Is, when at once all bosoms glow,
All faces wear one smile.

5 Nor beautiful on earth alone
This spectacle of love,
Their angels round their Father's throne
Bend o'er it from above.

6 Great God! fulfill our hearts' desire;
Make every soul sincere,
That, in *Thy* sight, this youthful choir
May *be* what they *appear*.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

Separation on earth—Reunion in heaven.

1 Friend after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire !

3 There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

*For Wadsley Church Schools.**

1 Come from your dwellings, girls and boys,
Come in your neat though plain array ;
From work and pastime, tools and toys,
Come to the children's holy day.

2 Come from the valley and the hills,
Round Wadsley Church, by Wharncliffe woods :
Come from the forges, tilts, and mills
On Rivelin, Dun, and Loxley floods.

3 We gladly answer, while we throng
Through fields and lanes—We come, we come,
To sing the children's sweetest song,—
Stones might cry out if we were dumb.

4 Hosanna to our Saviour King,
Who came from heaven for us to die ;
Hosanna let the moorlands ring,
Hosanna all their rocks reply.

5 At church, in school, this day, good Lord !
With reverence and with godly fear,
Teach us to hearken to Thy word,
And then to practise what we hear.

* Wadsley, and the other places mentioned in the second verse of this Hymn, are situate from four to eight miles N. W. of Sheffield, and include the picturesque scenery of the old ballad—"The Dragon of Wantley," and several streams of local celebrity.

6 Our weakness help, our sins forgive,
Confirm our faith, our love increase;
That we may serve Thee while we live
And when we die, depart in Peace.

HYMN CCCXL.

For the Sunday-School Jubilee, the Birthday of Robert Raikes, the Founder of Sunday Schools, Sept. 14th, 1831.

I.

1 Let songs of praise arise;
Teachers, your tribute bring;
Let hallelujahs fill the skies,
Earth with hosannas ring.

2 Once, by the river-side,
A little fountain rose;
Now, like the Severn's sea-ward tide,
Round the broad world it flows.

3 One heaven-directed mind
Reveal'd the simple plan:
Now, in the glorious task combined,
Ten thousand are one man.

4 Though poor and mean the place,
And small the band he taught:
Millions since then have shared the grace;
Behold what God hath wrought.

5 Through Albion's ocean-isles,
In near and distant lands,
Where'er the Christian Sabbath smiles,
The Sabbath School-house stands.

6 Heralds of peace proclaim
The year of jubilee ;
Now in the Babe of Bethlehem's Name,
Bid every child go free.

HYMN CCCXLI.

For the Sunday School Jubilee, September 14th, 1831.

III.

1 Love is the theme of saints above ;
Love be the theme of saints below :
Love is of God, for God is Love ;
With love let every bosom glow :—

2 Love, stronger than the grasp of Death,
Love that rejoices o'er the grave,
Love to the Author of our breath,
Love to His Son, who came to save ;—

3 Love to the Spirit of all grace,
Love to the Scriptures of all truth,
Love to our whole apostate race,
Love to the aged, love to youth ;—

4 Love to each other—soul and mind,
And heart and hand, with full accord,
In one sweet covenant combined,
To live and die unto the Lord.

5 Christ's little flock we then shall feed,
The lambs we in our arms shall bear,
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

6 Thus through our isle, on all our bands,
The beauty of the LORD shall be ;
And Britain, glory of all lands,
Plant Sabbath schools from sea to sea.

HYMN CCCXLII.

For an Infant School.

"*Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.*"—
I. SAM. iii. 8.

1 SUN, moon and stars, by day and night,
At GOD's commandment, give us light,
And when we wake, and while we sleep,
Their watch, like guardian angels, keep.

2 The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by GOD's almighty hand.

3 Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit-trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The winds that blow—GOD sends them all.

4 The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,
GOD's creatures are as well as we.

5 But us He form'd for better things ;—
As servants of the King of kings,
With lifted hands, and open face,
And thankful hearts, to seek his grace.

6 Thus GOD loved man, and more than thus;—
He sent his Son to die for us,
And now invites us, when *we* die,
To come and live with Him on high

7 But we must live to Him below,
For none but such to heaven will go ;—
LORD JESUS, hear our humble prayer,
And lead the little children there.

HYMN CCCXLIII.

For the Children of National, British or Sunday Schools.

1 THY throne, O GOD, in righteousness,
For ever shall endure ;
We bow before it ; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we Thy goodness share ;
Still make us while we dwell on earth,
The children of Thy care.

3 Strangers to Thee, though Thine by name,
We hear Thy welcome voice,
And gather'd from the world, became
The children of Thy choice.

4 Thou art our Shepherd ;—glorious GOD,
Thy little flock behold ;
And guide us by Thy staff and rod,—
The children of Thy fold.

5 We praise Thy Name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,—
The children of Thy grace.

6 O may our friends, Thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of Thy love!

HYMN CCCXLIV.

Hymn for the British Orphan Asylum.

1 Thou Father of the fatherless,
A band of orphans see,
And from Thy throne of glory bless,
Our little family:—

2 A little family, who share
No human parents' love;
And yet for whom Thou wilt prepare
A house and home above:—

3 A home above, if train'd up here,
In Wisdom's paths to go.
We travel heavenward in Thy fear,
From this sweet home below:—

4 This home below, where we have found
Refuge in time of need,
And meet upon its holy ground,
Friends, who are friends indeed.

5 For friends indeed to us are they,
Who, for our Saviour's sake,
Have sought us out, like lambs astray,
Their bounty to partake:

6 Thine is their bounty,—theirs not less,
Though Thine what each imparts,
When, to relieve the fatherless,
Thy love constrains their hearts.

HYMN CCCXLV.

For the Children in a Charity School.

1 While saints and angels, glorious King,
Day without night Thy praises sing;
Thou wilt not humbler strains despise,
The songs of children reach the skies.

2 Amidst the whole creation's cares,
The meanest worm Thy bounty shares;
Thine eyes the depths of ocean see,
The grave itself hides not from Thee.

3 While want and hardships were our lot,
Thou knew'st us, though *we* knew Thee not;
Now we adore Thine hand that sends,
Our earthly comforts, home, and friends.

4 With these Thy heavenly gifts afford,
Thy Son, Thy Spirit, and Thy Word:—
Thy Word to teach our wayward youth,
Thy pure commandments, God of truth!—

5 Thy Spirit to dispel the night
Of sin and error, GOD of light !—
Thy Son, to raise our minds above
This world's affections, GOD of love !

6 For all the good Thy grace imparts,
What shall we give Thee ?—take our hearts:
O seal them by Thy power divine,
In life, in death, for ever Thine.

HYMN CCCXLVI.

For Ragged Schools.

1 THE poorest of the poor are we,
But precious are our souls to Thee,
Whom, though Thou art the LORD of all,
Our Heavenly Father we may call.

2 If meanly clad, and sparely fed,
Give us this day our daily bread,
For all that live, and move, and are,
In Providence, Thy bounty share.

3 To Thee, when the young ravens cry,
Thy hands their humble wants supply ;
Alike on Thee, their unknown Friend,
The lion and the lamb depend.

4 Thine air, Thy sunshine, dews, and showers,
In season make the lily's flowers
More beautiful to look upon,
Than on his throne, King Solomon.

5 The widow, old and desolate ;
The orphan in his low estate ;
The slave, the outcast of mankind,
Thee their almighty Helper, find.

6 All times, and every where, Thine eye
Looks down upon us from the sky ;
Could we look up, by light divine,
Ours might be ever fix'd on Thine.

7 While every word we speak, Thine ear
Through all creation's sounds can hear,
By ours, if open'd to Thy Word,
Thy voice from heaven would here be heard.

8 Moment on moment, breath by breath,
Our pilgrim life draws nearer death :
Each breath, each moment, make us be
More meet for immortality.

9 O God, most merciful and just,
Shall we not put in Thee our trust ?
In grief and pain, to calm our fears,
Comfort our hearts, and wipe our tears.

HYMN CCCXLVII.

Poor Children praying for themselves and their benefactors.

1 God over all, the sun by day
Reveals Thy glory in His light ;
The moon and stars Thy voice obey,
And mark Thy presence through the night.

2 God over all, the earth that yields
Her flowers and fruits at Thy command,
From mountains, rivers, woods, and fields,
Pours the rich bounties of Thy hand.

3 To us, the poorest of the poor,
High as Thou art Thy care descends ;
Thy mercies are for ever sure,
Thou art our Father, *these* our friends.

4 *Are* these our friends ?—Thou God of grace,
Reward their love a thousand fold ;
And may they ever in Thy face,
Their best, their dearest friend behold.

5 *Art* Thou our Father ?—we confess,
With grief and shame our sin and guilt ;
O turn from our unrighteousness,
Look on Thy Son,—His blood was spilt.

6 He bore the chastening of Thy rod,
That we might by His stripes be heal'd ;
He died for us, the Lamb of God !
He rose, and our redemption seal'd.

7 And shall we, dare we, can we still
Resist Thy fear, Thy love despise ?
No, take us,—soul, affection, will—
A free and living sacrifice.

HYMN CCCXLVIII.

For Christian Adult Schools. Bristol, 1813.

1 LORD ! are there eyes that see the sun,
And gaze with joy on Nature's face,
Yet while through all Thy works they run,
Thy glorious Godhead never trace ?

2 LORD ! are there eyes, to which Thy Book
No hidden mystery reveals ?
O give them power thereon to look ;
"Lion of Judah ! break the seals."*

3 There, with new sight, may they behold
Thy counsels, since the world began,
Like morning's gradual beams, unfold
The wonders of Thy love to man :—

4 For whom, a rebel from his birth,
Thine only Son Thou didst not spare ;
The LORD from heaven came down to earth,
His guilt and punishment to bear.

5 Thus while instruction they receive,
Thy Spirit's inward light impart,
Till trembling penitents believe,
And Mercy heals the broken heart.

6 Not eyes alone shall then rejoice
In the rich comforts of Thy word ;
Deaf ears shall hearken to Thy voice,
And bless the day its sound was heard.

* Rev. v. 5.

7 Tongues, that were wont to pledge Thy Name
In oaths, and cursings, change their tone,
Thy free salvation to proclaim,
And make Thy loving-kindness known.

8 Bosoms, by cruel fiends possest,
Dark dungeons of indwelling sin,
Are temples, with Thy presence blest,
All glorious, like the ark, within.

9 Though earth no lovelier prospect show
Than children walking in Thy ways;
And heaven no sweeter music know
Than infant voices join'd in praise:

10 Though *such*, secured from early vice;
Water'd by Thy continual care,
Spring up like trees of Paradise,
And fruit, in long succession, bear:

11 Yet will the tears of transport swell,
Our spirits' pure affection burn,
When aged sinners, warn'd of hell,
Though late and slow, to GOD return.

12 Humbly they take the lowest seat;
Matrons and hoary-headed men
Are learners at the Saviour's feet,
Are "little children" once again.

13 LORD! we commit them to Thine hands,
To Thee their new-born hopes aspire;
O take them, keep them,—*these* are brands,
Pluckt out of everlasting fire.

HYMN CCCXLIX.

Children Schools Nurseries for Paradise.

1 Our schools are nurseries below,
For trees of Paradise to grow,
Till by their Saviour's training hand,
Transplanted to the promised land.

2 Myriads already, from our care,
Once our companions flourish there,
Yet still in fellowship all meet,
They see His face, we kiss His feet.

3 There's joy in heaven among the saints,
O'er every sinner that repents;
The children's angels swell that strain,
When little ones are born again.

4 Then be this day of sacred mirth
A jubilee in heaven and earth;
Hence while our glad hosannas rise,
High hallelujahs fill the skies.

5 When Time hath run his latest round,
And the last trumpet ceased to sound,
Death and the Grave abolish'd,—then
Eternity shall shout, Amen!

HYMN CCCL.

All Ages praising the Lord.

1 Now Lord of lords and King of kings,
Homage from all created things
Receive ; the Church above, beneath,
One prayer, one song, one spirit breathe ;
Childhood, and youth, and age that wears
The crowning glory of gray hairs.

HYMN CCCLI.

The Sabbath on Earth—The Sabbath in Heaven.

1 The Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day,
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray.

2 Ours is the Sunday school,
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

3 So all our lives below,
In Wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sunday schools shall show,
The bliss of Sabbath days.

4 Lord of the Sabbath, send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teaching here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease.

5 Then heaven itself shall be
One Sunday school above;
And undisturb'd eternity
One Sabbth day of love.

HYMN CCCLII.

Sunday School Union Jubilee, 1853.

1 The grace of Jesus Christ our Lord,
The Father's love with sweet accord,
The Holy Ghost's communion be
Our bond of peace and amity.

2 This is the threefold cord that binds
The sympathies of kindred minds,
And draws them to that Glorious Three,
The One *eternal* Deity.

3 Thus God to man Himself reveals,
His people calls, redeems, and seals,
Who one with Him in spirit are,
In answer to Christ's farewell prayer.

4 Nor time, nor place, nor life, nor death,
Decaying strength, departing breath,
Can loose or break that holy cord,
Laid on them by their loving Lord.

5 This was the very cord of love,
Which drew Him from His throne above;
With it He makes Sin's prisoners free,
And captive leads captivity.

6 Bound with this covenant to-day,
We rest as pilgrims on our way,
Past trials thankfully review,
And cheerfully prepare for new.

HYMN CCCLIII.

Gloria Patri.

1 MAKER, Upholder, Ruler !—Thee,
Let all that live adore,
Who art, and wast, and yet shalt be,
GOD blessed evermore.

2 Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King !
Appointed Judge of all !
Let ransom'd souls Thy triumphs sing,
And foes before Thee fall.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love !
To us Thy gifts impart ;
From heaven, descending like a dove,
Come dwell in every heart.

4 Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit ! Thee,
Let heaven and earth adore ;
Thou art, Thou wast, and Thou shalt be
One GOD for evermore.

HYMN CCCLIV.

After Divine Service.

1 Again our ears have heard the voice,
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give.

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our bless'd employ,
Till life's extremest hour.

HYMN CCCLV.

On leaving the House of God.

1 Thy word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword
To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

All glory to the Father be,
Coequal glory to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,—Three,
In union of the Godhead One.
As 'twas ere measured time begun,
Is now, and shall for ever be,
While self-involving ages run
The circle of infinity.

II.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory to the Spirit,—Three,
In power and Godhead One.
As 'twas ere measured time begun,
Is now, and yet shall be,
While never-ending ages run
On through eternity.

III.

Glory, O Father! be
To Thee, and to Thy Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,—Three,
In name,—in Godhead One.
As 'twas ere time begun,
As 'tis, and yet shall be,
While everlasting ages run,
On through eternity.

IV.

Glory to the Father be.
Equal glory to the Son ;
And the Holy Spirit,—Three,
In eternal Godhead One.
As it was ere time begun,
As it now is, and shall be,
While unending ages run
Onward to eternity.

V.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory to the Son,
Glory to the Spirit,—Three,
In the Godhead One.
As it was ere time begun,
Is, and yet shall be,
While unending ages run
To eternity.

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